

# FRONTIER BALLADS



BY CHARLES J. FINGER  
WOODCUTS BY PAUL HONORE



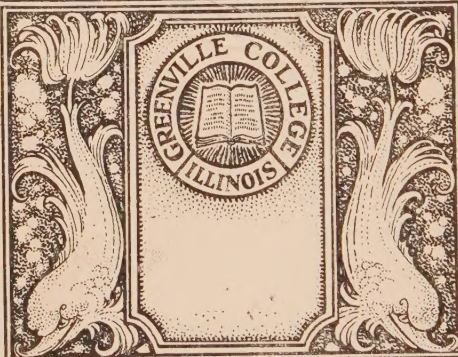








Greenville College  
Library



Presented by  
Class of 1928


Shelf 811.04 No. F4.



# Date Loaned

MAY 31			
NOV 3			
MAR 16			
JAN 28	1		
FEB 7	1		
APR 11	3		
APR 13	3		
MAY 29	3		
DEC 19			
JAN 25			
APR 13			
MAR 26			
FEB			
MAY 19			
JUN 3			
JUN 3	1		
JAN 20			
©			





Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2023 with funding from  
Kahle/Austin Foundation

<https://archive.org/details/frontierballadsb0000na>



# FRONTIER BALLADS



OTHER BOOKS BY CHARLES J. FINGER

---



TALES FROM SILVER LANDS  
THE SPREADING STAIN  
DAVID LIVINGSTONE, EXPLORER AND PROPHET  
BUSHRANGERS  
HIGHWAYMEN  
IN LAWLESS LANDS  
TALES WORTH TELLING  
HAKLUYT FOR BOYS  
ROMANTIC RASCALS  
AN OZARK FANTASIA

---

SAIL AWAY FOR THE RIO GRANDE—*A Sea Chanty*  
*with Music by David W. Guion*









THE PASSENGER DEPLORED OUR LEVITY

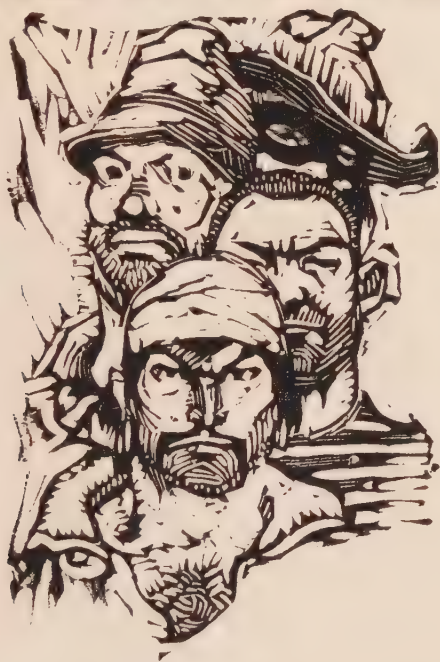
8901

# FRONTIER BALLADS

*Heard and Gathered*

BY CHARLES J. FINGER

WOODCUTS BY PAUL HONORE



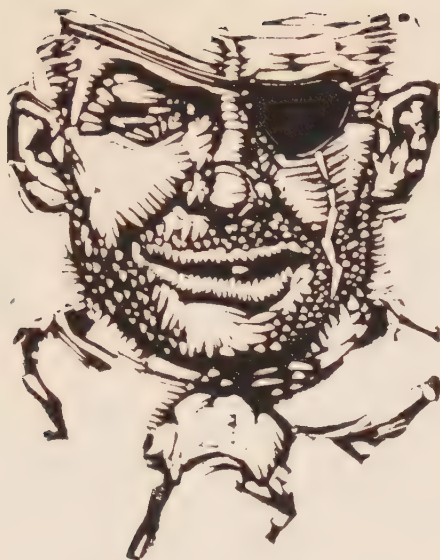
DOUBLEDAY PAGE & COMPANY  
GARDEN CITY NEW YORK

1927



COPYRIGHT, 1927, BY DOUBLEDAY, PAGE  
& COMPANY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.  
PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES AT THE  
COUNTRY LIFE PRESS, GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

FIRST EDITION



*"We had a hell of a time," said Scar-Faced Sam*

## SONGS FROM LAWLESS LANDS

WITH SOME OF THEIR TUNES

AS

HEARD AND SET DOWN

BY

CHARLES J. FINGER

MANY HERE PRINTED FOR THE FIRST TIME

TOGETHER WITH A TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE MANNER OF  
THEIR SINGING BY

GOLD HUNTERS IN THE ANDES, MEN ON SHIPBOARD, HARD-CASES  
WHO WERE BEACH COMBERS, FELLOWS IN THE CALABOOSE,  
SOUTH SEA SMUGGLERS, SEALERS, BARTENDERS,  
AND SOME WHO HAVE SINCE ACHIEVED FAME







THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO

*My dog Tom, a true companion, whose bones lie in the Andes.*

*My horse Turpin, that died under the saddle at Palliaike.*

*Agnes of the three-masted schooner, Martha Gale.*

*Philip H. Cornick, of San Angelo, and Hermosillo, Mexico.*

*David W. Guion, of Russells County, Texas.*

*Mysterious Billy Smith, with whom I fought on the  
Mescalero Apache reservation.*

*Turner who fell at Bloomfontein.*

*John Murray Gibbon, of Canada.*

*Ernst Schumacher, my Patagonian friend.*

*Stuart Olivier, high-hearted thoroughbred.*

*Omero, the Tierra del Fuegian with whom I hunted.*

*Bob Davis of Broadway, the gatherer of friends.*

*A. B. Calder, world's champion raconteur.*

*Helen C. M., and her knights of Love-Nest.*

*Bruce Smith, police expert.*

*Ed. I. Hyke, good fellow in general.*

*My kinsman and friend, Rob Bergmann, scenic artist.*

*Boozy Dick, shipwrecked with me near Cape Horn.*

*George Sterling, the impatient.*

*My boys, Hubert, Charles, and Herbert.*

BESIDES MANY VIVIDLY EXUBERANT MEN WHO MAY NEVER  
SEE THIS BOOK, THEY BEING NO READERS, BUT WHO ARE  
DEAR TO ME BECAUSE OF REMEMBERED EXPERIENCE. TO  
THEM ALL MY SALUTATIONS, FOR THEY FACED LIFE IN AN  
EAGER, LIGHT-HEARTED WAY.





## CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION . . . . .	I
A SOMEWHAT DISCURSIVE NOTE ON OUTLAWS, MURDERERS, PIRATES, HARD-CASES, RAPSCALLIONS, AND SIMILAR RADIANT FIGURES . . . . .	15
NEW MEXICAN TROUBADOURS . . . . .	97
A NIGHT IN A BARROOM . . . . .	127
WHEN AMERICAN IS GRINGO . . . . .	149
INDEX TO FIRST LINES . . . . .	179





## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

The Passenger Deplored Our Levity . . . *Frontispiece*

New Mexican Troubadours . . . . . FACING PAGE 104

When American Is Gringo . . . . . 152





# INTRODUCTION







# FRONTIER BALLADS

## INTRODUCTION

THIS book of songs is to be an exact record, with the music set down as it was sung. And let me say this: When first I heard an old-timer sing an old-time song, I had a real thrill. It was an exciting event. Not so much the song as the manner of singing astonished and delighted me. I had been trained musically to a limited extent, so expected certain things in the way of performance. But, lo, and behold! of a sudden I discovered that all I had been taught in the way of time values and rhythms and nuances which

were conventionally considered right and proper, had no more to do with the work of my singer, an old Galway fisherman, than Lindley Murray's *English Grammar* written for the benefit of a young ladies' school has to do with the common speech of a Galveston Negro dock hand. Between idiom and ideal was a great gulf.

I have a vivid recollection of both the singer and the song; the man singing for the sheer love of the exercise, his companion enjoying it immensely, though he must have heard it a thousand times and more. Here are the words:

O, Jock the jolly plow boy, was plowing in his land,  
Called whoa! unto his horses and boldly bade them stand,  
Then Jock set down upon his plow, and Jock began to sing,  
And Jock he sang so merrily he made the whole world ring.  
With his tooraw-na-ni-a-ty-na,  
And his too-raw-na-ni-a-ty-na.  
And his too-raw-na-ni-a-ty, too-raw-na ni-a-ty,  
Too-raw-na-ni-a-ty-na.

Setting down four of those lines as they were given it would run as shown in the music on the next page.

Now I heard the same song sung a half of a world distant, by another Irishman, years after, and there was the same manner of singing, there was the same lengthening of notes, there were the same tremolos; all that explosive accentuation, all the tremendous pauses, all that skipping so characteristic of hill music were there. As for the long pauses, singers on plains as well as in fo'c'sles, lumber men as well as miners, extended them so that there would be time

# INTRODUCTION

3

O! Gots the jol-ly plow boy was plowing in his land, Called  
 whoa! unto his horses and boldly bade them stand Then Gots sat down up-  
 on his plow, and Gots began to sing, And Gots he sang so merrily he  
 made the whole world ring. With his too raw na ni a ty  
 na, And his too raw na ni a ty na! And his  
 too raw na ni a ty too raw na ni a ty too raw na ni a ty na.

Note: This should be sung in an extremely leisurely manner, though the latter part, with its "Tooraws" runs much more hopefully than might be expected after so dismal a beginning. It is very imperative that the first explosive "O" be held until one's breath gives out.

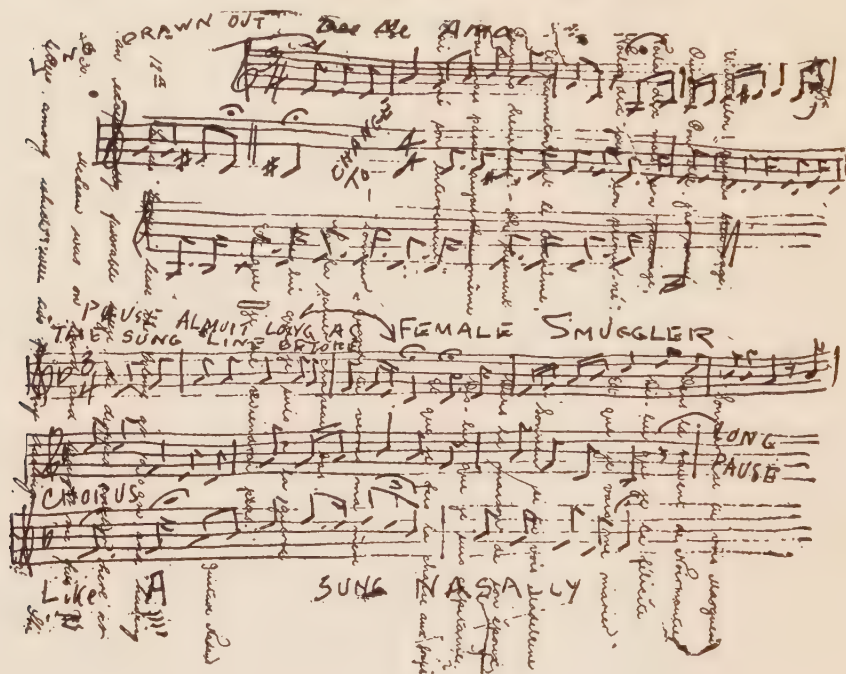
to take a drink, or to offer a parenthetical remark, or to take a pull at a pipe of tobacco.

So, as I have said, I want to show something of the fire and the force and the ornamentation. Yet I know it is almost impossible to indicate the little trills and jerks and odd lengthenings of occasional notes. So I have availed myself of footnotes with some idea of indicating the luxury of irregularity into which the singers fell. You must, however, remember that I did not go about with recording phonographs or anything of the kind. Such notes as I made were made furtively, and as this book aims to set forth things



## FRONTIER BALLADS

correctly by way of showing how I made my notes in places where blank paper was scarce, here is a facsimile.



I present that in no spirit of showing my industry or curiosity, because, in those days, when I was young and beautiful and energetic, I took down words and music, wanting to sing the songs myself and with no idea of publication. But to-day, with the radio and phonograph tending to wipe out local characteristics so that should you be on shipboard, instead of hearing that virile and very bawdy song *Colombo*, you are apt to hear something from the vaude-

ville stage; or being down in the Rio Grande country, you are more likely to hear a Chautauquan melody than something unsophisticated and real—I say that with all those changes the notes I made long ago strike me as having a sort of Pepysean value. So I and my daughter have made exact copies of the notation, touching up my deplorable calligraphy but retaining all the essential things.

There is another thing to bear in mind and it is this: Neither cowboys nor sailors, neither miners nor shanty men, are given to the singing of what have been called occupational songs. Indeed, a moment's reflection will show any man that cowboys, in their rare musical moments, are no more likely to confine themselves to songs about the range and its activities, than are policemen, who, full of fragrant memories at the end of a day's patrol, might be supposed to gather themselves together to carol about crime and criminals, or about careless and unobservant jay-walkers in an auto-frequented way. For, does any man delight to sing about his trade or profession? At the time of writing this I seized an opportunity to see and hear some Craft workers from the Gaspé peninsula. They were the real thing, unsophisticated and single minded, singing as they carved, or weaved, or spun. But their songs were not of the things they did. but were all about love and marriage and brave foresters and postillions and prisoners. You may possibly imagine that those of a calling which seems romantic because unfamiliar to you, do sing about their trade, but men are much the same everywhere, and at the end of a day of search

you would be in a considerable state of exhaustion before you found a man yielding himself to harmony in praise of his own occupation. Consider. Does your banker? Does the newspaper editor? Does the college professor gather with his fellows on the campus and chorus about educational delights? He does not. They do not. Neither, I assure you, do sheepmen on the plains sing about ewes and lambs and fleeces. Nor do hoboes fall into recitative about vagabond life. Neither are prisoners given to lyrics about stone walls not making a prison nor iron bars a cage. Nor did sailors of my acquaintance sing about Midshipmites, or about "long, long pulls and strong, strong pulls." Neither do shanty men seek a musical atmosphere redolent of forest and lake. Nor do grocers, in their hours of luxuriant indolence, chant in praise of argument as held across the counter with thrifty housewives. To be sure there are moods in which certain types of songs have appeal, one suggesting another, and the type of song may have to do with the job in hand, but it is safe to say that, as a rule, men in their singing, as in their reading, get as far as possible away from that which reminds them of their own working hours. For most men wish to grasp experience firmly, and too great a preoccupation with their own affairs prevents the doing of that.

Because of that very healthy tendency, when it comes to singing (and I have in mind men away from the highly civilized life), almost anything is listened to, and often, it would seem, the more sentimental the better. I remember a party of pugilists moved almost to tears by the singing of



*A Bird in a Gilded Cage*, which Australian Billy Smith attacked. It rests in my memory that in West Texas, when it was a range country, *Take Back the Engagement Ring* was very popular, maudlin monstrosity that it was. Mark the words and judge for yourself:

Take back the ring you gave me,  
Take it back, Jack, I pray.  
Wearing it would deprave me,  
More than I am to-day.  
To make me your wife would wrong you,  
Grief to your heart would bring.  
Pray take it back, I beg of you, Jack,  
Take back the engagement ring.

Sentimental to excess, to be sure, but men liked it, sang it, learned it, as men did *The Rosary*, or *Violets*, or *Alice Ben Bolt*. I mean men in the wilds, down in the Pecos country, and along the Rio Grande, and up the Sacramento Valley—perfectly straightforward cowboys, excellent horsemen, whose singing, regarded from a conventional standpoint, was a disappointing performance. The songs amused and pleased and that was enough.

They sang another old-fashioned song, the chorus of which had in it a certain appeal and a hint of domestic affection called *White Wings*. It ran:

White Wings, you never grow weary,  
You carry me cheerily over the sea,  
White Wings, I long for you, dearie,  
I'll spread out my White Wings  
And sail home to Thee.

Then there were *Ta-ra-ra-boom-der-ay* (it lacked the *diablerie* of Lottie Collins), and *Nancy Lee*, and *Grandfather's Clock*, and *After the Ball*, and *A Bicycle Built for Two*, and *The Old Oaken Bucket*, and *Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night*, and *Just before the Battle, Mother*. I confidently assert that to my knowledge, any one of these taken at random was more popular with cowboys than *Poor Lonesome Cowboy*, or *Root Hog or Die*. On the other hand, in the fo'c'sle of many a ship, sailors who would be violent in their attitude toward anyone who sang *White Wings*, or *Nancy Lee*, or would be scornful in their criticism of anyone who tried to foist *They All Love Jack* upon them, often demanded *Sam Bass*, or *The Cowboy's Lament*, or *The Dying Cowboy*. Also there is this to be said. When sailors sang sea-songs, they refused to sing the song as it was written if there was the slightest chance to distort it. Take *Nancy Lee*, which ran, in part:

See how she stands upon the quay  
And waves her hands to me.

It was always rendered:

See how she stands upon her hands  
And waves her legs to me.

And the most innocent of limericks, which have always been popular, were invariably embellished with the language of venery.

As to the popularity and dissemination of those songs which plainly had a vaudeville and music-hall origin,

there is this to be said. North from Galveston into the cow country went runaway sailors, and others of those odd adventurers you meet everywhere. They took the songs they knew with them. Westbound from Louisiana went Negroes, also into the cow country. Now one of the indispensable conditions of camp life and society is that the newcomer shall at least be entertaining. Those who were so found welcome in spite of their inefficiency, those who were not entertaining fell by the wayside. There was one such song disseminator, a drunken imbecile of an English loafer who lived on the fat of the land because he had a repertoire which reached back to *Slap, Bang, Here We Are Again*, as sung in the 1860's in England, and because he had a clean, athletic articulation. At evening he would choose a fair site for himself, searching his soul while the others did necessary narrow and petty things. He was, in a manner of speaking, the preserver of culture, and became accepted as such. "The Horse Poet" was his sarcastic title, and, let me say, few cowboys sang cowboy songs as remarkably well as he did. I might multiply similar instances by the dozen, as the case of Pig-face Wilson of Boston, Mass., who popularized the Chevalier songs in the Falkland Islands; Spotted Joe, whose broadcasting was world-wide; a Negro born in Glasgow who sang Burns' songs with fine Scottish accent; Harry the Jew who sang things classical in Patagonia, and sometimes awakened the lachrymose with his performances of Moody and Sankey songs. I enumerate these, conscious of the grotesqueness of truth.



I would also add that I find in my notes and diaries that *Kathleen Mavourneen*, *Steer My Bark for Erin's Isle*, *Rory O'More*, *Erin Is My Home*, *The Meeting of the Waters*, and *Roam Boys*, *Roam*, were the favourite fo'c'sle songs on the Chilean coast. Ireland, indeed, had stamped herself into Chilean musical life much as she had stamped herself into Chilean political life because of the activities of Bernard O'Higgins, and Lynch, and Cochrane, and other adventurers. So we falsified history as we sang lustily, in the chorus of *Roam Boys*, *Roam*, that

Washington, Moore, and Wellington  
With half a dozen more,  
O'Connell the brave  
Who freed the slave  
All came from old Ireland's shore.

And our composite picture of an Irishman was bound up in this·

Poor Pat is often painted with  
A ragged coat and hat,  
But his heart and hospitality  
Is none the worse for that.  
Let slanderers say what they will,  
They cannot call him mean,  
There's always hospitality where  
The—Grass—Grows—Green.

(Incidentally, you will notice that it is not well to hold too closely to grammatical niceties in popular songs.)

## INTRODUCTION

II

As for popularity of subject, aboard ships, or in the woods, or in cow countries, or in mining camps, nothing could equal the popularity of songs about outlaws or murderers; or concerning doers of violence in its thousand forms. So a word about that class of song.



A SOMEWHAT DISCURSIVE NOTE  
on  
Songs about  
Outlaws, Murderers, Pirates, Hard-cases, Rascallions  
and  
Similar Radiant Figures.





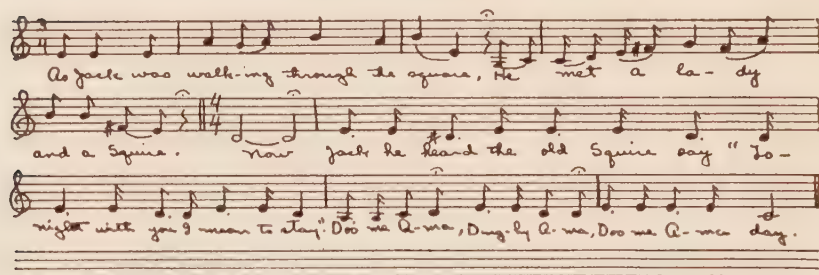
## OUTLAWS, HARD-CASES, AND OTHERS

ONCE some of us were having a high-spirited time, singing and lying and yarning and boasting about our own prowess; in short, having adventures of mind because adventures of body were not possible, all the while firmly believing that we were entertaining our only passenger on board the schooner; then came disappointment. For all that outward calm on the part of our audience which we took to be rapt attention turned out to be disapproval. The songs we sang were, he said, "glorifications of wickedness, and the product of men of emotional instability who advocated breaches of the moral law." He called our songs "morbid stuff." He said that it was impossible to distinguish any reason for many of them.

To begin at the beginning, it was this way. Aboard the three-master, *The Fairy Queen*, which was as easy-going a craft with as easy-going a captain as man might wish for, we ran into one of those calms you sometimes get abreast the Gold Coast. So, there being nothing to do, Bill Curzon, who was a sailor of the old school, sang a song called *Doo Me Ama*, a ballad with a faint Rabelaisian flavour about it, and one which seems in a fair way to be forgotten. It has twelve verses, but five will give some idea of its trend and character,

presenting the salient features. The others are ornamentative and descriptive, and, let us say, boisterous.

## DOO ME AMA



1. As Jack was walking through the square,  
He met a lady and a squire.  
Now Jack, he heard the old squire say  
"To-night with you I mean to stay."  
Doo me Ama,  
Dinghy Ama,  
Doo me Ama day.
2. "I will tie a string to my little finger,  
And the other end hang out of the window,  
Then you must come and pull the string,  
I'll come down and let you in."  
Doo me Ama, etc.
3. "Damn my eyes," said Jack, "if I do not venture  
For to pull the string hanging out of the window."  
So Jack he went and pulled the string  
She came down and let him in.  
Doo me Ama, etc.

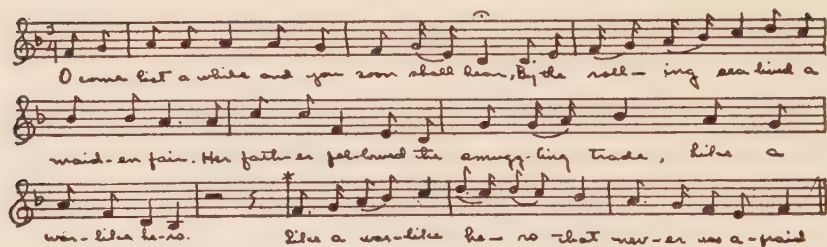
4. "Oh, what's that smell so salt and tarry?"  
"I've nothing in the house that's tarry;"  
"It's a tarry sailor down below.  
Kick him out—out he must go."  
Doo me Ama, etc.
5. "Oh, what d'you want, you tarry sailor?  
You've come to rob me of my treasure."  
"Oh, no," says Jack, "I pulled the string,  
You came down and let me in."  
Doo me Ama, etc.

Note: This, a comic song, I have never heard sung with other than serious mien. Should there be much noisy laughter here and there, as, for instance, at the Squire's remark, the singer, in that case, would continue soberly. Scar-Faced Sam generally allowed a slow smile to spread over his face at the end of the chorus, after which he would expectorate copiously.

Pleased with the applause, proud of his voice and his memory and his intonation and his delivery and his facility and the lively way in which he emphasized his points, Bill offered to follow that song with one, very popular aboard ships, called *The Female Smuggler*, notifying us, quite unnecessarily, that it was of great dramatic effect. Hearing that announcement, the captain drew nearer, though he had the outward appearance of one not interested, and looked down over the side and into the water while the song was being sung. And a song more attractive and exciting is not on the seaman's list, be it said, taking for granted that accuracy as to legal and judicial procedure is not altogether necessary in art.



## THE FEMALE SMUGGLER



1. O come list a while and you soon shall hear,  
By the rolling sea lived a maiden fair.  
Her father followed the smuggling trade,  
Like a war-like hero,  
Like a war-like hero that never was afraid.
2. Now in sailor's togs young Jane did go  
Just like a sailor from top to toe;  
Her aged father was the only care  
O' this female smuggler,  
O' this female smuggler who never did despair.
3. With her pistols loaded she went abroad,  
And by her side hung a glittering sword,  
In her belt two daggers: well armed for war  
Was this female smuggler,  
Was this female smuggler who never feared a scar.
4. Now they had not sailed far from the land,  
When a strange sail brought them to a stand.  
"These are sea robbers," this maid did cry,  
"But the female smuggler,  
But the female smuggler will conquer or will die."

5. Alongside then the strange vessel came.  
"Cheer up," cried Jane, "we will board the same,  
We'll run all chances to win or fall."  
Cried this female smuggler,  
Cried this female smuggler who never feared at all.
6. Now they killed those pirates and took their store,  
And soon returned to old England's shore,  
With a keg of brandy she walked along,  
Did this female smuggler,  
Did this female smuggler who sweetly sang a song.
7. Now they were followed by the blockade,  
Who in irons strong did put this fair maid.  
But when they brought her for to be tried  
This young female smuggler,  
This young female smuggler stood dressed like a bride.
8. The commodore against her appeared,  
And for her life she did greatly fear,  
When he did find to his great surprise  
'Twas a female smuggler,  
'Twas a female smuggler had fought him in disguise.
9. He to the judge and jury said,  
"I cannot prosecute this maid,  
Pardon for her on my knees I crave,  
For this female smuggler,  
For this female smuggler so valiant and so brave."
10. Then this commodore to her father went,  
To gain her hand he asked his consent.

This consent he gained, so the commodore  
And the female smuggler,  
And the female smuggler are one for evermore.

Note: This is an old-time fo'c'sle song which requires a certain happiness of disposition in the singer. It is always enjoyed hugely. Bill Downer made a sort of dramatic performance of it, putting in nods and winks *ad lib.*, and was always stunningly audible at repetitions of lines. It sounds very well indeed when a ship is running under a cloudless, starset sky; the swish of waters and the creaking of blocks making a pleasant obbligate to the song. As a general instruction, I would say, sing with tremendous vigour.

Then it was that our lone passenger, an official of some kind, new to the country, a well-meaning but mistaken man with a banana-like complexion, entered his objection. He was a man without humorous faculty. He feared that the songs we sung would move us to brutishness, to slaying officers with hatchets and piling horror on horror. That we sought diversion and entertainment he could not or would not see. He spoke, with heat, about the glorification of wickedness, as I have said. He told us that songs about determined and persistent criminals who lived by crime, and who desired to live by crime, had no attraction at all for him and should have no attraction for anyone else. Growing more eloquent as he became more indignant, he declared that such songs were anachronisms in progressive days of bicycles and steamships and electric telegraphs, and therefore should be buried and numbered with monstrosities of the past. He thundered mighty words, talking about demoralizing influences and degenerate traits, and, when the captain seemed amused, went aft in a fit of indignation.

And that ends the story; except that when we anchored and he got into the boat he promised to send us some songs of an improving and educational nature, which promise he kept. They were neatly bound in cloth and the book was very heavy indeed, but the songs were all about unconvincing sailors who said "Yea, heave, ho!" and who prefaced remarks with "Shiver my timbers!" and called one another "My hearty." So Bill Curzon traded the book off for a copy of *Three Fingered Jack*, which was the history of a pirate of high spirits and sunny temper who lived in the Antilles, one very much esteemed among seamen, but whose deeds many who have investigated are inclined to deny.

Now something very much like our passenger's objection was made by some, when William Marion Reedy published *Stackerlee*. By way of answer, Reedy said this: "There's a drop of rebel blood in the mildest of men which makes them give ear to songs about outlaws." And, messires, there is truth in the saying. For let philosophers wonder as much as they choose at that taste for tales of derring-do; let them talk as they will about the emotional attitude of the average man toward the outlaw being one closely resembling reverence; let them point out, if they are of moralistic bent, that there is a complex in the makers of the songs which causes them to stick in a moral to cloak interest in iniquity—at bottom, if we look at the matter with open eyes, it may be seen that all the eagerness to hear about dare-devils is as easily accounted for as is the delight of children in fairy tales, and giants, and queens who lop off heads. For it is nothing more



than a natural and human delight in the fine elemental quality of courage. Only that and nothing more. Get back to the beginnings of literature and read the oldest Anglo-Saxon song in the world, the *Song of Widsith*. Or read Beowulf's adventures and the fight with Grendel. Or look at the *Finnesburg Fight* and mark that ringing cry when the fighter fires his men with

"Rouse ye, my heroes!  
Fight for your dear land!  
Fight in the forefront!"

while all about is the glory of fierce sword-gleams, and of burning cressets, and of the roaring of slaughter, and of blazing castles, and especially of that "wyrd" or destiny which no man may avoid, but which must be met with firmness. Always the tale of courage. Always praise of toughness and the spirit of dominance. Always a glorification of loyalty to comrades. Always a picture, more or less distinct, of a perfect knight without fear, and, as near as possible, without reproach. Men have always wanted a Guy of Warwick, a Robin Hood, a Bevis of Hampton, a Sir Patrick Spens who would do a deed while grinning death beckoned, though his followers, his "mirry men," knew what would befall.

"O who is this has done this deed,  
This ill deed done to me,  
To send me out this time of the yeir  
To sail upon the sea.

"Mak haste, mak haste, my mirry men all,  
Our guid schip sails the morne."

"O say na sae my Master deir  
For I fear a deadlie storme.

"Late, late, yestereen, I saw the new moone,  
Wi the auld moone in her arme,  
And I fear, I fear, my Master deere,  
That we will come to harme."

There was something to be done, and beside that fact all other facts faded into insignificance. The tale of the doing fired the blood. Stuff imaginative and stuff realistic, that was what men have always had an appetite for, though that appetite has not excluded tenderer things. Vigour of narrative, too; that was and is a prime necessity.

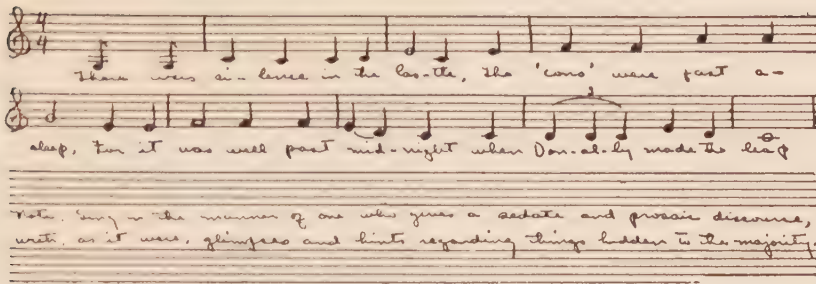
But as for such songs being glorifications of wickedness, as for them being the product of men of emotional instability who advocate breaches of the moral law, a fig for the theory! Glorification of wickedness! You do not find ballads about lynchings. Nor about pickpockets. Nor about fraudulent bankrupts. Nor about blackmailers. Nor about cardsharppers. Nor about defaulters. For true valour is not in them. You may have a ballad about Dick Turpin who robbed with a sort of lightness and humour and courtesy, but you find no ballad about the swindler Lemoine. A modern instance comes to my mind in someone's making a song about a daring fellow who, with splendour of courage, tried to escape from Governors Island; but no one has been moved to sing of the humorous mood in which Master Ponzi robbed

his victims. Buccaneers and pirates and border outlaws and highwaymen and bushrangers and corsairs have been celebrated in rhyme because they went about their businesses with something of the eager and vivid spirit of youth, but there are no fine and moving ballads about land sharks, or forgers, or receivers of stolen goods, or absconding cashiers.

I spoke of that modern instance coming from Governors Island. It is too good to lose. To be sure the rhyme and the meter are all careless, but there's vigour in the song. There is the spirit of loyalty to comrades. Technical finish is lacking, but you find no suspicion of artificiality, nor of conceit, nor of affectation. For those doom the ballad and doom the singer. And mark this. The production has been passed from mouth to mouth and is doubtless known to every man in the island prison as well as to many outside. It was, I suppose, composed without being set down in black or white, just as were the older ballads. Fifty years from now people may speculate on its origin. And, be it said, like the best of ballads it records an actual occurrence, a bold attempt at prison breaking from Governors Island on July 4, 1923. Nor shall you overlook the note of defiance at the end, with the hero undaunted. So to the song:

#### THE CASTLE BY THE SEA

- I. There was silence in the Castle  
The "cons" were fast asleep  
For it was well past midnight  
When Donally made the leap.



2. Inside and out and all around  
 Were sentries on patrol,  
 While through the cell-bars we counted the stars  
 And heard the briny roll.
3. 'Twas the midnight hour by the old clock tower,  
 And the moonbeams played on the sea,  
 So we pinned our hope on a rotten rope,  
 And the Man from Galilee.
4. It may seem queer that we knew no fear,  
 On this momentous night,  
 For the stars in the skies were the only eyes  
 That saw him make his flight.
5. The old fort's wall was smooth and tall  
 And sixty feet below  
 The sentry on his nightly beat  
 Was pacing to and fro.
6. From the gunport's floor we gloated o'er  
 The servile sentry's fate,  
 When at early dawn we'd both be gone  
 And we cursed them in our hate.



7. 'Twas a precept old in the Army bold  
When duty was left undone,  
To punish on sight, be it day or night,  
Take the sentry's belt and gun.



8. Day by day we sawed away,  
With hack saw we did hew,  
At the bars so tough that were old and rough,  
Till now our task was through.
9. Then said my friend, Give me your end,  
The end of the rope, I mean,  
With all our might we'll tie it tight,  
We can beat this old fort clean.

10. He made his boast, then like a ghost,  
He vanished from my sight,  
Down, down he went, like a meteor sent  
From some tremendous height.
11. The devil himself must have sent the elf  
To cut our rope apart,  
And when it broke, the grisly joke  
Sent shivers through my heart.
12. Right then and there, I said a prayer,  
For I surely thought him dead,  
But I saw him crawl to the old sea wall  
While the moon shone on his head.
13. And there he lay on the trampled clay  
Some sixty feet below,  
While o'er his head the stars shone red,  
And the moon gave a palish glow.
14. Three hours sped by till the guard made his cry,  
That a man from the fort had escaped,  
For beside cell nine, the sentry found the line,  
The line that had spoiled our fate.
15. Up the tower stair they mount in the cells to take the  
count,  
In cells where men lay still as mice,  
But the ones that had a name cause they couldn't play  
the game  
Were the ones I saw they counted over twice.

16. It was thus all down the line till they came to number  
    nine  
    Number nine was called the politician's cell,  
    They searched it high and wide and then they ran out-  
    side,  
    And what they found out there to you I'll tell.
17. The Gunport on their left; bars all broken and bereft;  
    Bars that had seen a century through,  
    And a space two foot square he had left behind him  
    there  
    As he turned to me and said his last Adieu.
18. Well I had no time to study for they knew I was his  
    buddy  
    So they landed me in solitary cell,  
    But I still had hope and faith that my pal had made it  
    safe  
    But the way he hit the ground was surely hell.
19. Alas! my hope and faith when the moon was shining  
    bright,  
    They had captured him upon the Brooklyn Ferry.  
    He was bruised and badly shaken from the fall that he  
    had taken  
    But they rushed the poor boy into solitary.
20. After all that's gone and past, will he try again you ask  
    Shall he try again for his liberty?  
    On that point I have no doubt, if they do not let him  
    out  
    He will some day beat the Castle by the Sea.

Note: To be properly rendered, the circumstances should be borne in mind. That is to say it was, in all truth, a prisoner's song. Imagine the bunk rooms of a well-ordered Disciplinary barracks, with the luckless

fellows, who have good records, in their double-decker iron beds. Singing, under the circumstances, would be a hushed affair, the more because the "servile sentry" would pass and repass the grated opening. Yet he might be a good fellow, conveniently deaf. Nor should it be taken for granted that the senior officer on midnight inspection would necessarily have a heart of granite. However, though the song be whispered, yet it is refreshing and sustaining and provocative of ardent reveries.

When I was a political prisoner in Chili, years ago, some of my five companions used to sing Moore's *Vale of Avoca*, and the words

"There is not, in this wide world, a valley so sweet  
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet"

never failed to bring visions of celestial mountains rising hazy blue on a far horizon. One of the soldiers on guard was an Irish adventurer, as lonely a fellow as Barrie's Thrums policeman. Many a time he stood, as long as he dared, looking in at the grating with his elbows on the stone sill and his face fast between his two fists—not only looking, but joining in our talk, and singing with us. He was not a man of very high intelligence or ability, but he was a rare companion.

A word in season about the moral lesson, as some have chosen to call it. For the balladist, perhaps from a Barnum-like desire to make his goods attractive to the greatest possible number, often has made his subject a kind of sign-post pointing to a parting of roads. Mark the artful way in which the moralist and the sensationalist are merged in the famous pirate ballad:

#### THE BALLAD OF CAPTAIN KIDD

My name was Robert Kidd, when I sailed, when I sailed,

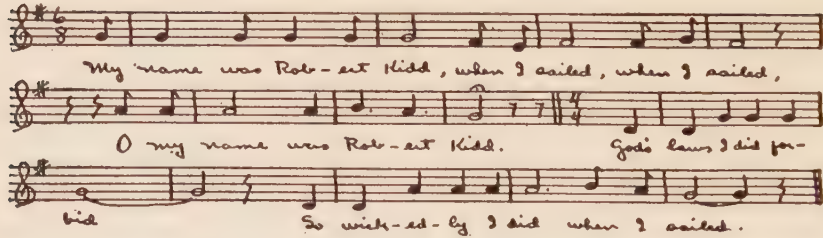
My name was Robert Kidd, when I sailed.

O my name was Robert Kidd,

God's laws I did forbid,

So wickedly I did, when I sailed.





My parents taught me well, when I sailed, when I sailed,  
 My parents taught me well, when I sailed.  
 My parents taught me well,  
 To shun the gates of hell,  
 But 'gainst them I rebelled, when I sailed.

I'd a Bible in my hand, when I sailed, when I sailed,  
 I'd a Bible in my hand, when I sailed.  
 I'd a Bible in my hand,  
 By my father's great command,  
 And sunk it in the sand, when I sailed.

The hero goes on to tell of his joy in selfish pleasure and his  
 rough combativeness, confessing

I murdered William Moore  
 And laid him in his gore,  
 Not many miles from shore, as I sailed.

while all the while he had his private fancies and aspirations  
 in common with simpler men.

I was sick and nigh to death,  
 And I vowed at every breath,  
 To walk in wisdom's ways, as I sailed.

I thought I was undone,  
 And my wicked glass had run.  
 But health did soon return, as I sailed.

My repentance lasted not,  
My vows I soon forgot,  
Damnation was my lot, as I sailed.

But piracy was a habit he could neither check nor control,  
so:

I spied the ships from France,  
To them I did advance,  
And took them all by chance, as I sailed.

I spied the ships of Spain,  
I fired on them amain,  
Till most of them were slain, as I sailed.

I'd ninety bars of gold,  
And dollars manifold,  
With riches uncontrolled, as I sailed.

Gay, heroic, and strong he went his way, shattering others  
out of the world and regarding such adventures as merely  
disagreeable incidents, until the day of lamentation came.  
Then he turns about, to advise his fellows to live simpler  
lives. Thus:

Then being o'ertaken at last,  
And into prison cast,  
And sentence being passed, I must die.

Farewell the raging main.  
For Turkey, France, or Spain,  
I'll never see again, for I must die.

## FRONTIER BALLADS

To Execution Dock,  
Will many thousands flock,  
To see me bear the shock, as I die.

Come all ye young and old,  
You're welcome to my gold,  
By it I've lost my soul, and must die.

Take warning now by me,  
And shun bad company,  
Lest you sit in hell with me, for I die.

Note: In singing this, the mood should be that of a simple and tender murderer anxious to awaken sympathy and affection, so a sort of gentle melancholy must possess the singer. Kidd, you must understand, is supposed to be a penitent, very desirous that he should not be permanently misunderstood. If he desires one thing more than another, it is to be able to exercise influence by setting himself up as an awful example. "I blundered through life," he seems to say, "and now behold a colossal failure!" Let the singer imagine himself on the gallows, making his last dying speech and confession, the gist of which is to seem to be an alert and intelligent advocate of holy living. Thus may come an artistic success.

Another, *Master MacAfee*, is more hopeful of his eternal welfare than Captain Kidd:

Young men, young men, be warned by me!  
Pray shun all evil company;  
Walk in the way of righteousness.  
And God your way will surely bless.

Dear friends, I bid you all adieu,  
I shall no more on earth see you.  
In Heaven's bright and flow'ry plain,  
I'll surely meet you all again.

Juan Murray, cattle rustler and outlaw in Sonora, Mexico, drops into moral discourse, but with a gesture of unconcern as to whether others profit or not by his offered lessons:

I have a word to speak, boys, only another to say,  
Don't never be no cow thief, don't never ride no stray.  
Be careful of your rope, boys, and keep it on a tree—  
Just suit yourselves about it, for it's nothing at all to me.

Nor should that strange particularity of the balladist be overlooked, for the attractiveness of a ballad often depends upon conscientious description. Thus, the *Arkansas Traveller*, with admirable soundness, gives date, place, and weather conditions in two lines; so that a picture is painted vividly:

It was in eighteen hundred and two, the second day of June,  
I landed in Hot Springs, Arkansas, one sultry afternoon.

The maker of the ballad *The Wreck on the C. & O.* is equally precise and technical.

Along came the F. F. V., the fast train on the line,  
Running on the C. & O. Road, twenty minutes behind time.

But the balladist without mercy, in this respect, is the unknown who composed *Harry Bale*. He is accurate, photographic, almost microscopic. He gives age, salary, occupation, and length of service of the hero, as well as date, location, touches of character, and minutest detail of the accident.

Come all you hearers, one and all, a song to you I'll sing,  
About young Harry Bale and it will make your blood run  
chill,

He was a lad of eighteen years who lived not far from here,  
Across in Arcade Township in the county of Lapeer.  
He laboured for six bits a day as sawyer in a mill,  
And followed his profession two years and a month until  
There came a fearful accident at which men weep and wail;  
And so this young man lost his life, this brave young Harry  
Bale.

On the 29th of April, in eighteen seventy-nine,  
Bale went to work as usual, a-feeling good and fine.  
In lowering of the feed bar throwing the carriage into gear  
It brought him on the circular saw and cut him quite severe.  
It cut him through the collar bone and halfway down the  
back,  
It threw him hard upon the saw, the carriage coming back.  
He started for the shanty though his blood was pouring fast.  
He said, "O boys, I'm wounded, and I guess it is my last."

They hunted up his brothers, they found his sisters, too.  
The doctor he was summoned and did what he could do.  
But Harry smiled upon them all and to them he did say,  
"I guess there is no help for me, and I must pass away."  
No father had poor Harry to weep beside his bed,  
No kind and loving mother for to soothe his aching head.  
He suffered sore one day and night till death did ease his  
pain,  
And hushed his voice for ever, for he never spoke again.

They put him in his coffin and then they dug his grave,  
While everyone wept for the loss of Harry Bale so brave,  
They took him to the graveyard and laid him there to rest,  
His body is a-mouldering but his soul is with the blest.  
This life is such a short one and so causes men to frown,  
We know it is men's portion to go forth to be cut down,



Remember Harry Bale as good a man as you could know,  
He withered like a flower when it was his time to go.

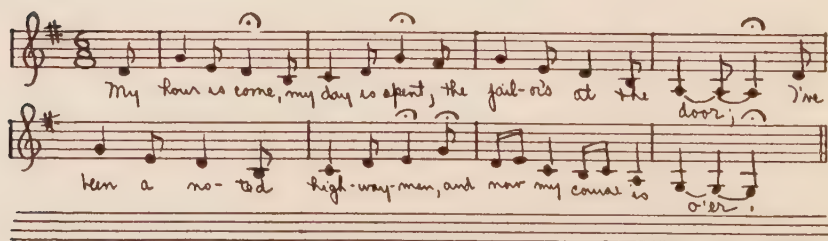
The manner of singing these songs, the right and traditional manner, was the logical outcome of leisureliness. If there was any intrinsic beauty of melody, we wanted to have time to enjoy it, to let it soak in.

Take Bill Downer who was our Werrenrath in Patagonia. "Blue-nose," we called him in affection, because he came from Nova Scotia. Bill was popular because there was something austere and noble about his method. He had a special technique of his own, too. And he was light-hearted in spite of all his shortcomings, morally speaking. He it was who painted white blazes on Hyslop's black mare and sold it to its owner whose judgment had been blunted by a drop to drink. He, with reason, was suspected of piracy, of cattle rustling, of smuggling, of highway robbery, of deviations from rectitude where government property was concerned, and other lapses. He had been in Montana, Alberta, New South Wales, Arizona, Patagonia, and South Africa; and wherever he went, in his trail there seemed to be loss and severed ties, so to speak. Yet he was welcome everywhere, being a man full of vitality. Though the day's work had been tedious, though a ride had been wearing, though the night in the open was stormy and cold, when he awoke he sang. And his favourite was an outlaw song, *The Milk-White Steed*, which, he assured us, was "a very famous old ancient song," though he knew nothing of its origin.

His mode of rendering it was peculiar and all his own, his being the independence of a great mind. Accompaniment there was none, except when some chance sheep shearer had an accordion, when a couple of nasal chords would herald the opening, though Downer paid no attention to key and generally left his accompanist in a state of melancholy bankruptcy, free to play on or to surrender with dreary dignity.

As if he braced himself to an exceptional fortitude, Downer would take what was offered him in the way of drink, then ponder awhile, hand over mouth. A moment later, in a profound roaring bass, he would sing a line with extreme leisure, to come to a dead stop for two or three seconds, looking around happily as if anxious to communicate the glow he felt to others. The second syllables of the second and fourth lines always came out explosively and were held as if precious, and the last words of those lines came out with a manly quaver. A verse being ended, there was a space of time long enough to enable him to take a puff at his pipe, or otherwise to refresh himself.

### THE MILK-WHITE STEED



1. My hour is come, my day is spent,  
The jailer's at the door;  
I've been a noted highwayman  
And now my course is o'er.
2. The very first man that e'er I robbed,  
He wor a rich lord of honour,  
I did salute that noble man  
All in a roguish manner.
3. I clapped my pistol to his breast  
Which caused him for to shudder,  
Five hundred guineas in bright gold,  
To me he did intender.
4. Well mounted on my milk-white steed,  
No man was I a-fearing,  
A hat of silk and spurs of gold  
I bought from Mister Shilling.
5. I went down to the racing Fair,  
Though trouble I was facing,  
And there the sheriff, man of might,  
His swift mare was a-racing.
6. I challenged all to ride five mile  
And horses nine was started,  
Afore we'd gone a hundred yards,  
I from the rest had parted.
7. I bent and spoke my snow-white mare,  
She answered with a whinny,  
"Stop, thief, it is the highwayman!"  
I heard the voice of Finney.

8. "Stop, thief, it is the highwayman!"  
    Low on my mare I bended,  
    'Twas o'er a five-barred gate she sprang,  
    Then fell—her last race ended.
9. A bullet in her noble heart  
    Had caused her grief and sorrow,  
    Had ta'en her life. I knew that I  
    Would see the jail to-morrow.
10. My hour is come, my day is spent,  
    The jailer's at the door,  
    "Farewell, my milk-white mare, for now  
    Your course and mine is o'er."

Note: To perform this in the same spirit as Captain Kidd would be to fail utterly as interpreter. For here is the lawless man most astoundingly imprudent and careless of the opinions of men. There is no moral remorse, no fear, no sorrow in the hero. I understand that there is an instrument for the measuring of mental excitement, called a plethysmograph. If you clapped such a contrivance upon a man of the hero's make-up, you would not find a wavering of the needle. Seeing him, you would probably find a gentle, honest, naïve face. Such, at any rate, Angel Brunel had; and he was an outlaw of much the same type. Once, when I had some \$3,000 on my person, after a big horse sale, Angel caught me unexpectedly as I lay by Pozo d'Arena, resting at noon. Naturally, I looked for activities, and what the economists call a "velocity of exchange." But I covered my agitation. And what did Angel do but turn himself into a travelling companion by telling me, very pleasantly, of his recent adventures in escaping from Argentine soldiery. He had cheated an innocent and unsuspecting government by selling stolen horses; he had broken out of the Gallegos jail; he had made his getaway on government horses, and there he was, safe on Chilean soil. Presently he saw my heavy belt, which I had set aside for comfort, and spoke of its contents. I told him the truth about that, but added some comforting lies about the ultimate desti-

nation of the money, which I am sure he did not believe. Then we fell to talk of horses and dogs, starting from my dog Tom, a handsome creature. And when we dealt more especially with horses we became excellent friends. From horses, we went to the tale of his deeds, and then the vanity of the man broke out. He was as proud of his exploits as Jack Shepard was of his suit of Genoese velvet; or as Sixteen-String Jack was of his ribbons and rings; or as Hiram Pasha was of his diamond-bespangled hat; or as Gil Blas de Santillane was of his sword play. He was as full of delight in his two brothers, also outlaws, as the Duke of Guise was proud of his three thousand five hundred *banditti* who wore coats of black Spanish leather, with sleeves of velvet or cloth of gold, and scarlet breeches. He testified to his own princely generosity and undaunted courage with all the eagerness of a Schinderhannes. And the tale of his manifold achievements lasted all that day while we rode together, far into the night, too, as we lay looking up at the glittering stars.

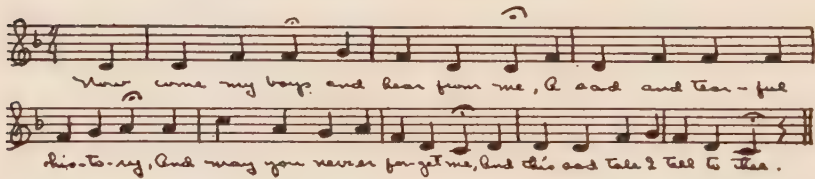
Something of the spirit which animated Angel must animate the singer of *The Milk-White Steed*, in spite of the long rests at the end of each line. And those rests, be it said, in the case of well-trained audiences give time for reflection and mental exploration. One should not, in the singing of frontier songs, superimpose one impression upon another in the style of a moving picture. That kind of thing is destructive of thought. It is impossible to imagine a Plato or an Aristotle framing a philosophy in a moving-picture theatre. Thought is a natural and beautiful sequence of rest. So, in singing, do not overlook the pauses. Sing with very great deliberation, and with a kind of amused surprise, as if astonished that anyone should be ignorant of so old a song.

Another of Downer's songs was *MacAfee's Confession*, but his version was wanting where it told of the hero's inconstancy, and when Downer came to the blank in his mind he would cast a friendly look round and smile on his audience, then leap from the story of golden childhood to the scaffold scene. But I heard a better version from Flatfoot



Daugherty, with whom I rode from El Paso to La Luz. He sung it in public in Alamogordo, New Mexico, on a night when the daughter of Pat Garrett, he who killed Billy the Kid, gave a song recital which I accompanied. Elizabeth Garrett had a splendid voice, I may add in parenthesis. Flatfoot's version follows:

### MACAFEE'S CONFESSION



1. Now come, my boys, and hear from me  
A sad and tearful history,  
And may you never forget me,  
And this sad tale I tell to thee.
2. Before I gained my sixth young year  
My parents two, my parents dear,  
Were buried in their silent grave,  
My mother and my father brave.
3. My uncle took me to his roof  
And from all wrong kept me aloof,  
For nine long years he guided me  
And taught me lessons at his knee.
4. And so there came a fatal day  
When from his roof I stole away,  
To meet the fair Miss Hetty Stout  
And there I fell I have no doubt.

5. But first I'd married my good wife  
Who might have guided me in life,  
But off I stole one summer day  
And Hetty turned my heart away.



6. I loved her long, I loved her deep,  
My absence caused my wife to weep,  
My love for her broke down my will  
And caused me for my wife to kill.
7. My wife was sleeping on her bed,  
When I drew near to her and said:  
"This medicine will cure you  
From your vile fits; pray take it, do."
8. She cast on me a tender look  
And in her mouth that poison took  
But fearing that she was not dead,  
I choked her till her soul had fled.

9. My heart it then was filled with woe  
I knew not whither I should go,  
I found the world a mournful place  
Nor looked my neighbours in the face.
10. And now my time is drawing nigh  
When for my evil I must die,  
So all young men be warned by me  
And shun all evil company.
11. To all of you I bid adieu;  
No more on earth shall I see you,  
But far beyond the grave again  
I'll meet you and my brother Cain.

Note: The notes on Captain Kidd apply to this. Make no effort to be dramatic. Consider the tale as being a bald presentation of an everyday occurrence. The tune is highly characteristic of the plainsman's song. Actually, the tune is more vague and indefinite as to key than this indication of it. A singer of artistic ingenuity may carry things off very well, in the style of Ed Carver the outlaw (killed by Judge Baily in Sonora), who always spoke the last line of each verse. The doing so gave a sort of enhanced interest.

Another version of *MacAfee's Confession* recounts the death of father and mother in the third stanza, but apparently they are mysteriously resuscitated, for in the twelfth verse we have this:

My father, sixty years of age,  
The best of lawyers did engage,  
To see if something could be done  
To save his vile and wicked son.

In the same version the balladist goes into gruesome details on the scaffold thus:

The sheriff cut the slender cord,  
The soul went up to meet its Lord;  
The doctor said "The wretch is dead,  
His spirit from his body's fled."

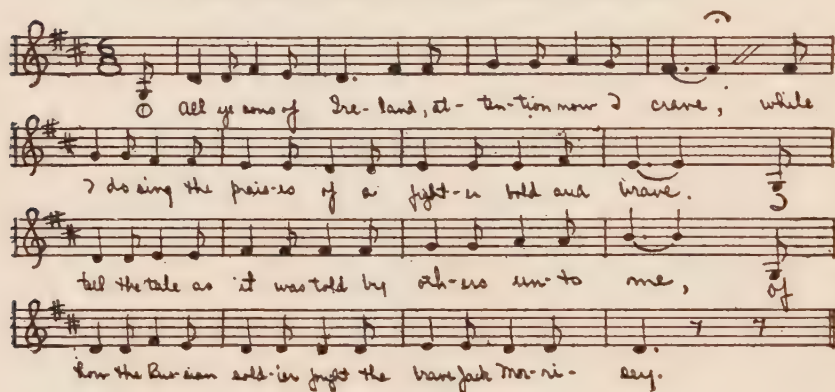
Then it is that his deceased mother puts in a tragic appearance, quite gratuitously assuming that victim and spectators are tarred with the same stick.

His weeping mother cried aloud,  
"O God do save this gaping crowd  
That they may ever have to pay  
For gambling on the Sabbath day."

It should also be noted as peculiar that songs about prize fighters ran songs about outlaws a close race. For wherever are men not hung with fantastic chains of their own devising, the pugilist is popular. The Decisive Battles of History, in the opinion of the hard-case, were not fought by Alexander, or Darius, or Grant, or Wellington; they were fought by such stout heroes as John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain at Richburg, Miss., with bare knuckles in a fight which lasted for seventy-five rounds, with John L. victor; or by John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers on April 17, 1860; when James J. Corbett defeated John L. Sullivan in twenty-one rounds at New Orleans; or five years later when Bob Fitzsimmons beat Jim Corbett in fourteen rounds at Carson City, Nevada. Men who could not name offhand three

Presidents of the United States can tell you that Jim Figg was the first world's champion; that the first prize fight in America was between Jacob Hyer and Tom Beasley; that the longest-lasting fight was between Mike Madden and Bill Hays and went 185 rounds; that the shortest fight on record was in 1902, when Battling Nelson knocked out Bill Rossler in two seconds. Hence much; for instance, the popularity of that wonderful and moving lyric:

### MORRISEY AND THE RUSSIAN SAILOR



1. O all ye sons of Ireland, attention now I crave,  
 While I do sing the praises of a fighter bold and brave.  
 I tell the tale as it was told by others unto me,  
 Of how the Russian sailor fought the brave Jack  
 Morrisey.
2. In Tierra del Fuego in South Ameri-kay  
 The Russian challenged Morrisey and unto him did  
 say,



"They say you are a fighting man and hold the belt I  
see,  
So come my bold young fighter and try a round with  
me."

3. Then up spoke brave Morrissey, that heart so stout and  
true,  
"I am a gallant Irishman who no one can subdue,  
For I can whip a Yankee, a Finn or Russian bear,  
In honour of the shamrock, I will the laurels wear."
4. Them words enraged the Russian in that far foreign  
land,  
To hear them words repeated he'd never, never stand,  
"O Jack, you are too light for me, and don't make no  
mistake.  
You'll have to hand to me the belt, or else your life I'll  
take."



5. To fight upon a Christmas day these heroes did agree,  
And thousands came from far away, from north of far  
Chile,  
The Irish and the Russians, their hearts filled full of  
glee,  
And many bet the Russian bear would kill young  
Morrisey.
6. The sailors there and miners, a banker rich or two,  
And dagoes from the mountains, a very happy crew,  
With some from Valparaiso and Montevideo town,  
To see the Russian fighter take the Irish colours down.
7. They both stripped off, stepped in the ring, a glory to be  
seen,  
And Jack he wore his belt bound round with Irish  
shamrocks green.  
For twenty thousand dollars the stake for all to see,  
The champion's prize to have and hold who won the  
victory.
8. They both shook hands and looked around and then  
fell to the fight,  
It filled old Erin's sons with joy to see the glorious sight,  
The Russian he floored Ireland in the eleventh round,  
And Morrissey he lay bleeding upon the rocky ground.
9. A minute and a half he lay before he got his breath,  
With all his backers thinking he'd fallen to his death,  
But Morrissey was manful and struggled to his feet,  
And fought right hard and gamely the Russian for to  
beat.
10. The Irish started betting and offered four to one,  
No sooner was the offer, when other men said "Done!"

The fighters stuck to business and thirty-second round,  
A right on to the jaw bone brought Morrisey to the  
ground.

11. Then for three dozen rounds and one 'twas fall and fall  
about,  
The Russian doing what he could to knock old Ireland  
out,  
But soon he called his second and begged a drink of  
wine,  
When that brave Irish hero said, "The battle now is  
mine."
12. The thirty-eighth it was the end, a round both short  
and sharp,  
Morrisey with a fearful blow hit Russia o'er the heart,  
The doctor with his lancet, he opened up a vein.  
And gave it as his verdict "He'll never fight again."
13. 'Twas Morrisey who beat Thompson, the Yankee  
Clipper too;  
Benicia Boy and Shepherd he nobly did subdue.  
So let all fill a brimming glass and drink a toast or two,  
To Jack the boxing senator who makes the laws for you.
14. He fought his way to fortune, to money and to fame,  
He also was a gambler, but square he played the game,  
He handled John C. Heenan and burly old Bill Poole,  
And also conquered Sayers, the hardy British bull.

Note: The more deliberately this is sung, the greater will be the enjoyment.

Each hearer must feel that the song is addressed to him personally.

Such a song was naturally a sort of invitation for the recalling of the minutest details of vanished days; the merits

of the Benicia Boy, which was the pet name of John C. Heenan; the interest of British aristocracy in the Heenan-Sayers battle; the indecision at the end when, according to another song,

“ . . . the Hampshire bobbies did break into the ring.  
Without doubt both boxers were glad to give in;  
With blows hard and lusty the blood they did spill,  
Like game cocks they battled each other to kill.”

And there was the ballad which enshrined the memorable battle of April 17, 1860. The tune is that of Morrissey but humoured a little here and there.

#### HEENAN AND SAYERS

1. I tell of merry England and plucky old John Bull,  
Where Britons fill their glasses and fill them brimming  
full,  
To drink a toast and sing the praise of Britain's fighter  
brave,  
Tom Sayers who the honour of his nation sought to save.
2. Once Uncle Sam rose to his feet and looked across the  
main,  
“Is that the British lion a-roaring once again?  
O doesn't he remember the fight in Boston town,  
When redcoats were beaten and wander'd up and  
down?”
3. Now Heenan and Morrissey, well they had fought,  
And Sayers, all comers a lesson had taught,  
So there were the brave boys well matched for the  
game,  
Said Heenan, “To meet you o'er oceans I came.”

4. And there in merry England and in the happy spring,  
The two suspicious champions they stripped off in the  
ring,  
A hero was young Heenan, the plucky son of Troy,  
His favourite name among his friends it was Benicia  
Boy.
5. They tossed up for the corners then fighting did begin,  
With two to one on Sayers, the money it rolled in,  
They fought like Roman heroes till Sayers gave a blow,  
That brought a crimson torrent from our Heenan's nose  
to flow.
6. "First blood, first blood, 'tis with our boy," the British  
cried with joy,  
The British hail their hero, but the Benicia Boy  
Stood frowning like a tiger, with lightning in his eye.  
"The next turn's mine, O England, So John Bull, mind  
your eye."
7. Then came the grandest fight of all the world has ever  
seen,  
For victory our Heenan was eager and was keen,  
He hit the British bulldog and raised him in the air,  
Out of the ring he sent him, which made the others  
stare.
8. The round was thirty-seven and the next would be the  
last.  
The bulldog it was clear to all was surely failing fast,  
When Heenan gave a hammer blow the Britons looked  
forlorn,  
They cut the ropes and broke the ring and said the fight  
was drawn.



Another song dealing with the impulsive gentlemen of the ring is *The True Bottom'd Boxer*, rarely heard outside of seaport towns. It has the diction and ring of a hundred years ago, and is eulogistic of Tom Spring, ring champion in the early eighteen hundreds.

#### THE TRUE BOTTOM'D BOXER

Spring's the boy for a Mousley-Hurst rig, my lads,  
Shaking a flipper and milling a pate;  
Fibbing a nob is most excellent gig, my lads,  
Kneading the dough is a turn-out in state.  
Tapping the claret to him is delighting,  
Belly-go-firsters and clicks of the god;  
But where are such joys to be found as in fighting,  
And measuring mugs for a chancery job;  
With flipping and milling, and fobbing and nobbing,  
With belly-go-firsters and kneading the dough,  
With tapping of claret, and clipping and gobbing,  
Say just what you please, you must own he's the go.

Spring's the boy for flooring and flushing it,  
Hitting and stopping, advance and retreat,  
For taking and giving, for sparring and rushing it,  
Will ne'er cry enough, till he's downright dead beat;  
No crossing for him, true courage and bottom all,  
You'll find him a rum un, try on if you can;  
You shy cocks, he shows 'em no favour, 'od rot 'em all,  
When he fights he tries to accomplish his man;  
With giving and taking, and flooring and flushing,  
With hitting and stopping, huzza to the ring,  
With chancery suiting, and sparring and rushing,  
He's the champion of fame, and of manhood the spring

Spring's the boy for rum going-and-coming it,  
 Smashing and dashing, and tipping it prime,  
 Eastward and westward, and sometimes back-slumming it,  
 He's for the scratch, and come up too in time;  
 For the victualling office no favour he'll ask it,  
 For smeller and ogles he feels just the same;  
 At the pipkin to point, or upset the bread basket,  
 He's always in twig and bang up for the game;  
 With going and tipping, and priming and timing,  
 'Till groggy and queery, straightforward the rig;  
 With ogles and smellers, no piping and chiming,  
 You'll own he's the boy that is always in twig.

By way of translation, turning old slang into new. the following may be found useful:

Mousley-Hurst rig: a milling match—a prize fight.  
 Fibbing a nob, &c.: landing on his bean.  
 Kneading the dough: one on the solar plexus.  
 Flushing: a foul blow.  
 Bread basket: the bean bag, i. e., stomach.

As might be expected, closely allied to songs about boxing were those about rough-and-tumble fights: *Two Lovely Black Eyes*, to give one instance, a song which caught the dramatic imagination with its irony of well-doing ill-requited:

Two lovely black eyes,—  
 O what a surprise,  
 Only for telling a man he was wrong—  
 Two lovely black eyes.

Equally popular everywhere was a song about the man full of profound pity for himself, unperturbed in the midst

of financial obligations and complacently contemplating a sort of moratorium:

I OWE TEN DOLLARS TO O'GRADY

1. My coat was getting shabby, my pants were just as bad,  
A man should have some new clothes now and then.  
I patronized a tailor, my business he'd not had,  
Got measured and was in my new suit when  
The tailor spoke of money, I said "You'll have to charge,  
I always pay my debts up when I can."  
The fellow interrupted, a-talking grand and large,  
O'Grady was that little tailor man.

*Chorus:* I owe ten dollars to O'Grady, and you'd think  
he had a mortgage on my life.  
He comes round to get it every morning and at  
night time sends his wife.  
He wants me to pawn my girl's piano,  
I think O'Grady has a dreadful gall.  
If he doesn't care to wait I will scratch it off the  
slate,  
And devil a cent will he get paid at all.

2. A week ago last Sunday, of suds I fetched a pot,  
For I cannot do without my dinner beer;  
O'Grady stood there drinking a drop of something hot,  
I thought myself he acted rather queer.  
He said I was a blackguard—I said he was the same,  
He struck me and we rolled upon the floor.  
I licked him in five minutes, O'Grady wasn't game  
And as he went I couldn't help but roar:

*Chorus:* I owe ten dollars, etc.



We'd done him brown but we wouldn't do him black again—  
Picked up the drink and was going to take it back again—  
Up jumped McCarty, asked him what he meant by it,  
Told him if he touched it he'd make him repent of it.  
Kelly said "Bah!" and was going with the pitcher off,  
When up jumped Billy Rooney and nearly knocked his  
snicker off.

Kelly called out "Murder, Fire, and Suicide!"  
Then Jimmy Parnell rushed over to his side,  
Gave him a kick that knocked his ugly belly in,  
That brought the man's wife, old Mrs. Kelly in,  
She brought a poker, tongs, and a dagger, too,  
Came with a lot of stiff lip and swagger, too,  
In came her servant, pretty little Kittie Hall,  
Told us she'd turned in news to the City Hall,  
Said she'd called the cop as he passed on his reg'lar beat  
And the whole file of 'em was coming down on Shannin  
street.

In came policeman, firemen, and the coroner,  
Negroes, Chinamen, one who was a foreigner,  
Dagoes such as Mexicans, Japanese, and more of 'em,  
Dutchmen, Frenchmen, Hunks, and Jews a score of 'em;  
Barbers, shoe-blacks, men who came to get the rent,  
Fat men, short men, men who had their faces bent.  
Long men, thin men, one or two they said was rough,  
Biting men, fighting men, other men they said was tough,  
Some came to see, and some took what was laying round,  
One took a keg of beer, brought it up from underground,  
Some came in street cars, anyone who'd care to pay,  
Others came on bicycles because they had no fare to pay,  
Seeing how the crowd was, Kelly said he'd changed his mind,  
Told us to help ourselves to whatever we could find,  
Whisky, gin, champagne, or wine and brandy, too,  
Just whatever thing we had a fancy to,



Then told the policeman please to turn the loafers out  
 While it seemed uproarious 'twas nothing but a friendly  
 bout,  
 So there it ended, Kelly tipped the sergeant ten,  
 Sergeant took a drink and turned around to Kelly then,  
 Told him he'd never seen a lot of finer men,  
 And just for practice, took along the Chinaman,  
 He was a quiet chap, just a sort of wondering Chink,  
 We owed him for laundry, so we tipped the cop a wink,  
 Chink took it friendly, said "All-light" and "Velly-well,"  
 Must have been surprised when he woke up inside the cell,  
 He was dragged outside and then across the fence,  
 Still a-smilin' but them Chinks ain't got no sense.  
 Smilin' in the mornin' when he stood before the bar,  
 Judge said "At last I see I've got you, there you are:  
 You'll take your medicine, what are you a sinnin' for?  
 Now take your sentence, and learn what you are grinnin' for."  
 He got three months on a charge of stealing wine,  
 As for me and Kelly, we are all a doing fine,  
 Old John McCarty, Billy Rooney Mulligan,  
 Young Jimmy Parnell, also Patsy Sullivan.  
 Kelly says we advertised his restau-rong  
 He don't want more and thinks that now he'll get along.

One of the most popular outlaw songs is the ballad about Jesse James, of which there are many variants. My version is from a broad sheet, yellowed with age, miserably printed and made more hideous by a kind of floriated border that fences in the song. The man from whom I bought it for two bits came to my shanty on Devil's River in Texas one night. He was a withered old fellow with skin like parchment, and his cheap clothes were gray with dust. He was walking, he said,

to California, and had started from Cincinnati some years before. Before that he had lived in Kansas, where he had known the James boys; he had seen the *Great Eastern* steamship when it first arrived in New York; he had participated in all major engagements in the Civil War; he was in Chicago during the great fire, he had been with Barnum and narrowly missed being with General George A. Custer on Little Horn River in Montana, and he was one of the men under General Merritt at Rawlins, Colorado, when the Apaches killed thirty-two of their pursuers. He was a genial kind of tale-teller and it did not do to question him too closely. He was making his living, he told us, by selling very rare "documents," and, opening his pack, displayed some dog-eared magazines, a slave bill of sale in faded ink, a half-dozen songs printed on separate sheets, a few odd and out-of-date copies of the New York *Police Gazette*, and some little pictures from cigarette packets, of actresses and ball players and pugilists. He insisted that the proper spelling of James's given name was Jessie and not Jesse.

There was no tune. "You see," said the little old man when I asked him for one, "these rare old songs they are called classics and don't have no tune." He was silent awhile, but seemed suddenly to remember and went on, "Of course there are other songs about this here Hero, but not authentic."

Then it was that Jim Welsh (as I have said, now buyer for Tex Rickard on his Paraguayan ranch) spoke, humouring the old fellow. He had heard a James song sung by a Negro, and,

1944

# JESSIE JAMES.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive  
return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German  
Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

How the people held their breath  
When they heard of Jessie's death,  
And wondered how he came to die;  
For the big reward little Robert Ford  
Shot Jessie James on the sly.

## CHORUS.

Jessie leaves a wife to mourn all her life,  
The children he left will pray.  
For the thief and the coward  
Who shot Mr. Howard,  
And laid Jessie James in his grave.

Jessie was a man—a friend to the poor—  
Never did he suffer a man's pain,  
And with his brother Frank  
They robbed the Chicago Bank,  
And stopped the Glendale train.—*Chorus.*

Jessie goes to rest with his hand on his breast,  
And the devil will be upon his knees,  
He was born one day in the County of Clay,  
And came from a ~~g~~ at race.—*Chorus.*

Men, when you go out to the West,  
Don't be afraid to die—  
With the law in their hand,  
But they didn't have the sand  
For to take Jessie James alive.—*Chorus.*

H. J. Wehman, Song Publisher, 130 Park Row, N. Y.

while it was undoubtedly a corruption, it was worth hearing, he maintained.

"Them corrupt ones ain't all bad though most of 'em are," said the old man, shaking his head. So the way was clear.

Here follows the song as Jim Welsh gave it:

### JESSE JAMES

Jes-se James was a boy that downed many a man, He  
held up the Danville train, He robbed from the rich and he  
gave to the poor, He'd a hand and a heart and a brain.

*Chorus:*  
Poor Jesse left a wife to mourn all her life, His  
children three were brave, But the dirty little cow and that  
shot Mister Howard, He laid Jesse James in his grave.

1. Jesse James was a boy that downed many a man,  
He held up the Danville train,  
He robbed from the rich and he gave to the poor,  
He'd a hand and a heart and a brain.

*Chorus:* Poor Jesse left a wife to mourn all her life,  
His children three were brave,  
But the dirty little coward that shot Mr. Howard,  
He laid Jesse James in his grave.



2. Jesse's brother Frank cleaned out Gallatin Bank  
And he took all the cash from the place,  
And they shot Captain Sheets in the public streets  
For it was a lively race.
3. Jess went to the depot the agent for to see,  
And there they surrendered the keys  
To Jesse James and Frank who had cleaned out the bank,  
And the agent was on his knees.
4. And that same midnight when the moon was shining  
bright,  
They stopped the Glenville train,  
They were bold hearts there and they did it without fear,  
It was planned by Jesse's brain.
5. Then the sad, sad thing what we have to sing,  
When Jesse with his family in his shack,  
Was reading the Book when Robert Ford took  
A shot at poor Jesse in the back.

Note: Peculiarly suitable to gay and light moods, provided that the singer is conscious of an intense sympathy with the train robber. Special emphasis must be given to the words "dirty little coward," because Ford is always the object of execration—a sort of super-Judas. Singers of intelligence have been known to change these words, wrenching the tune, or doing violence to the meter by interjecting a reference to Ford's canicular ancestry. This is another song in which singers often move from key to key, thus unconsciously giving an effect of artistic confusion, symbolizing, as it were, the confusion of the times in which the events took place.

One of the Turner boys was there that night. It was the Turner who traded in his flock of sheep for a merry-go-round



a little later, having a vision of millions to be made with his contraption in Central America. He held, and said, that plainsmen sang in abominable fashion, too drawly, too slow, too lugubriously. And, challenged to sing better songs, he told of one which he said he had composed, though I think that he lied, and went on to say that he had popularized it in a round-up at Cheyenne. He did not wait to be asked to sing, but took a drink, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, then burst out, rattling it all off at great speed and keeping time with his heel:

### THE OLD BLACK HORSE

I was walk-ing one day a-long a cur-ved way a-strollin' with the girl of my  
heart, Her name was Mary Ann, her dad-die's name was Dan an' he  
owned a dandy lit-tle duntay cart, that very same day as I  
went a-long the way I first saw the old black horse, He was  
standin' on his head was that noble quadruped, playin' at a game of pitch and  
toss. *Chorus*  
*Tempo* then it's O, I, O! the old black horse is gone.  
*Adagio* O, I, O! the old black horse is gone.

I was walking one day along a crowded way, a-strollin' with  
 the girl of my heart,  
 Her name was Mary Ann, her daddie's name was Dan, an' he  
 owned a dandy little donkey cart.  
 That very same day as I went along the way, I first saw the  
 old black horse,  
 He was standin' on his head was that noble quadruped, play-  
 ing at a game of pitch and toss.  
 He'd a fine Roman nose an' he walked upon his toes, I'll take  
 my affadavy it is true,  
 He'd only got one eye, his neck was all awry, his tail was all  
 a-crooked and askew.  
 He was aged thirty-three and he'd one broken knee, and the  
 other one wasn't quite sound,  
 And his two hind legs was more like wooden pegs, for he  
 couldn't hardly put 'em to the ground

*Chorus:* Then it's O, I, O! The stall in the stable's empty.  
 O, I, O! The old black horse is gone.

On the mornin' of my marriage I hitched him to the carriage  
 and thought the old horse was full of beans,  
 But he wouldn't stir a yard and began a-kickin' hard and  
 broke the little cart to smithereens.  
 Then up I jumped astraddle though I hadn't got a saddle,  
 and fetched the old varmint such a whack,  
 That he gave a kind of wriggle and a funny sort of spriggle  
 and he sent me all a sprawlin' on my back.  
 Then I'm sure I don't know howsirs, but he caught me by  
 the trousers and shook me till I thought that I was dead,  
 And dropped me in a puddle in an awful plight and muddle,  
 and I hadn't got a tooth left in my head.

Then the people bust out laughin' and hollerin' and chaffin'  
and the old horse capered with delight.  
I don't know how it was, but of this thing I am poz, that the  
old horse died that night.

*Chorus:* Then it's O. I. O! The stall in the stable's empty.  
O. I. O! The old black horse is dead.

*Note:* A song that must be rattled off, crudely, obviously, mechanically.

Which in turn suggested another horse song, fairly well known by men aboard American sailing ships, also well enough known by white men along the Gulf:

#### THE POOR OLD HORSE

1. "Old horse, old horse, how came you here?"  
"I came from the north coast to Portland pier."
2. "Old horse, old horse, what did you there?"  
"I hauled rock and horse dung for many a year."
3. "Worn out with hard work and sore abuse,  
They salted me down for sailors' use."
4. "They put me in cans and they billed me as meat,  
And sent me aboard for the sailors to eat."
5. "They put me in jars and they billed me as jelly,  
To fill up the holes in you poor sailors' belly."
6. "Now tell me the truth, old horse, old horse.  
The sailors enjoy you and eat you of course."

7. "The sailors they shun me and do me despise,  
They dump me a-saying 'O damn your old eyes!'"
8. "So crows get the gristle and dogs get the bones,  
The rest of me's offered to old Davy Jones."

It was Turner, too, that I first heard sing *The Gal I Left Behind Me* to the old familiar tune, a song known and sung everywhere in the ranger country. Thus:

I struck the trail in seventy-nine.  
The herd strung out behind me;  
As I jogged along my mind ran back  
To the gal I left behind me.  
That sweet little gal, that true little gal,  
The gal I left behind me!

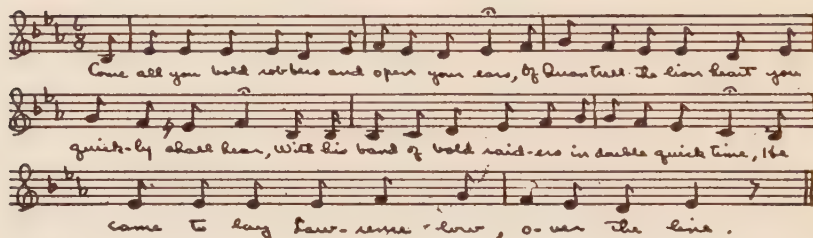
If ever I get off the trail  
And Indians don't find me,  
I'll make my way straight back again  
To the gal I left behind me.

The wind did blow, the rain did flow,  
The hail did fall and blind me;  
I thought of that gal, that sweet little gal,  
The gal I'd left behind me.

She wrote ahead to the place I said,  
I was always glad to find it.  
She says "I'm true, when you get through  
It's right back here you'll find me."

Also this song of outlaw life called

### QUANTRELL



Come all you bold robbers and open your ears,  
Of Quantrell the lion heart you quickly shall hear,  
With his band of bold raiders in double quick time,  
He came to lay Lawrence low, over the line.

*Chorus:* All routing and shouting and giving the yell,  
Like so many demons just raised up from hell,  
The boys they were drunken with powder and wine,  
And came to burn Lawrence just over the line.

They came to burn Lawrence, they came not to stay,  
They rode in one morning at breaking of day,  
With guns all a-waving and horses all foam,  
And Quantrell a-riding his famous big roan. [*Chorus:*]

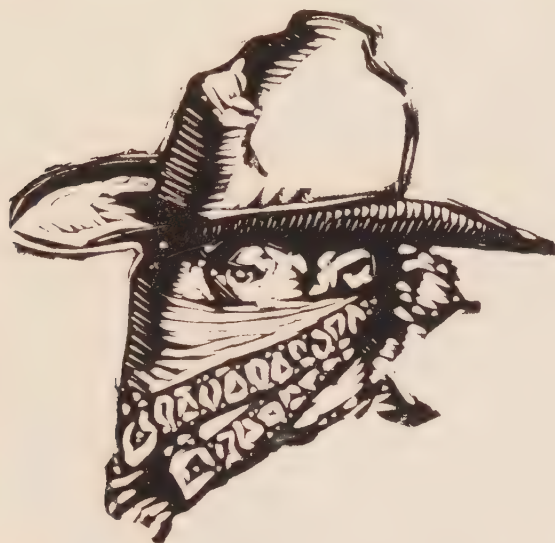
They came to burn Lawrence, they came not to stay,  
Jim Lane he was up at the break of the day,  
He saw them a-coming and got in a fright  
Then crawled in a corn crib to get out of sight. [*Chorus:*]



Oh, Quantrell's a fighter, a bold-hearted boy,  
A brave man or woman he'd never annoy,  
He'd take from the wealthy and give to the poor,  
For brave men there's never a bolt to his door. [*Chorus:*]

Note: Cultivate a mood of haggard indignation.

That night the song of *Sam Bass* was sung. It generally is, where men are who know it. The old wanderer was the



singer, and did his part with gusto, with the song halted frequently to enable the singer to give parenthetical explanations. It was something like this:

"This is the song of Sam Bass. He was a true-blooded hero. He was a kindly natured fellow. I knew old Dad Egan,

sheriff of Denton County, Sam's first boss. This is how the song goes:

SAM BASS

1. Sam Bass was born in Indiana which was his native home.  
Before he reached young manhood, the boy began to roam.

*(In Lawrence County, he was born. Eighteen fifty-one if the gravestone don't lie, and July 21st.)*

He first came out to Texas a cowboy for to be

*(Working for Dad Egan, like I said. Then he drifted down to San Antone and after a while out to Uvalde County.)*

He first came out to Texas, a cowboy for to be—  
A better hearted fellow you scarce could hope to see.

*(All them fellows is good hearted. That's their downfall. Their good heartedness is. But the dad-gummed, jim-crow laws, they don't care about a man's good heartedness. Anyone knows that. See, where was I?)*

2. Sam bought him first some race stock and also the Denton mare.  
He matched her in all races and took her to the fair.  
He fairly coined money and spent it frank and free.  
He drank the best of whisky wherever he might be.

*(Let me tell this. That mare was sure good. Sam he put right smart of money into her. Cleaned up a lot, too, he did, I'd say. A little sorrel she was. Dad*

*Egan offered Sam to give up the mare or quit his job, but Sam, he loved her like a child. A man can love a mare or his dog more faithful than a woman.)*

3. He left where he was working one pretty summer day A headin' for the Black Hills with his cattle and his pay. In Custer City sold the lot and then went on a spree, His chums they was all cowboys rough and hard as they could be.

*(Deadwood, it was—Deadwood, in the Dakotas. A wide-open town. Sam, his boss was Jo Collins who bought his cattle on time I've heard it said, but when he sold out, gambled and lost. So him and Sam they held up a stagecoach or two, though the song don't tell nothing of that.)*

4. A-ridin' back to Texas they robbed the U. P. train, For safety split in couples and started out again. The sheriff took Jo Collins who had a sack of mail And with his partner landed him inside the county jail.

*(Big Springs, not Big Springs, Texas, but Big Springs in Nebraska it was. The express messenger said it was one of them dad-gummed time locks on the safe, so one of the men started to lay him out, but Sam, being kind hearted, wouldn't stand for that. So when they was about to quit, what did they come on but three boxes of gold, in twenty-dollar gold pieces, \$60,000. To do the thing right, they went through the cars and took another \$5,000 from the passengers. This Jo Collins, he had met up with a store clerk in Ogallala, and went back to buy things after the hold-up. Sam Leech, done give*

*information and the posse caught up with Collins and Bill Heffridge in Kansas right where was some U. S. army men who lit out after the outlaws. They tried to stand off the soldiers, but the men fired and killed them both. So the song's wrong about the jail, but that's put in for poetry. You can't always have things like they are in poetry. Poetry hain't what you'd call truth. There ain't room enough in the verses. About Sam. Him and Jack Davis they lit out for Texas. Jim Berry and Dad for Mexico City, Missouri. The song goes on about Sam.)*

5. But Sam got back to Texas all right side up with care.  
And in the town of Benton he did his money share.

*(He was the boy to do that all right. I forgot to say that this here Jim Berry he got caught by a posse, shot in the knee and his leg bone was shattered. Old Dad he got away safe with his share. . . . I'll start up that again.)*

But Sam got back to Texas all right side up with care,  
And in the town of Benton he did his money share.  
The lad he was so reckless, three robberies did he do,  
The passenger and express car and U. S. mail car, too.

*(What isn't in the song is that Sam and Bill met up with a crowd of cavalry men and camped with 'em, joking about the robberies and them soldiers never suspicioning anything. The Texas train robberies was on the T. P. at Eagle Ford and at Mesquite Junction.)*

6. Now Sam he had four pardners, all bold and daring bad.  
There was Richardson and Jackson, Jo Collins and Old  
Dad.  
More daring bolder outlaws the rangers never knew,  
They dodged the Texas rangers and beat them, too.
7. Sam had another pardner called Arkansaw for short,  
But Thomas Floyd the ranger cut his career quite short.  
This Floyd stood six feet in his socks and passed for  
mighty fly,  
But them that knows will tell you he's a dead beat on  
the sly.

*(That about Floyd the ranger is only put in for the poetry of it. I heard tell one of the best jokes on the rangers. Good enough to go in a book. There hain't nothing what a ranger won't tackle. Well, when Fort Worth first started up there was some kind of trouble and pretty much of a riot. So they wired down to headquarters for rangers to keep order. What did they do but send this same Floyd. The mayor and the people, all het up about the trouble, was down at the depot, when this Floyd gets off. The mayor, he says, we sent for rangers. All right, says Floyd, here I am. Well, hain't there no more than one of you, asked the mayor. Why? asks Floyd. Is there more than one riot? The joke comes in where he said that, this Floyd. He knew he could handle a riot all right, single handed. Came natural to him. But the mayor couldn't see it that way. That's where the joke comes in. One ranger to one riot. It's shore funny. Anyway, him who killed Sam was Dick Ware. Did it with a .45.)*

8. Jim Murphy was arrested and then let out on bail,  
He jumped the train for Terrel after breaking Tyler jail.



But old Mayor Jones stood in with Jim and it was all a  
stall,

A put-up job to catch poor Sam, before the coming fall.

*(About this Murphy. Sam he was suspicious of him  
and wanted to shoot Murphy. Murphy and Jack-  
son they was cousins and there ought to be some-  
thing about that in the song. But there hain't.  
Some poet ought to put it in. I tried but can't quite  
make it go right. This Murphy he agreed to double-  
cross Sam, agreed with General Jones, and Sam he  
got to hear of it. That's why he wanted to shoot him.)*

9. Sam met his fate at Round Rock, July the twenty-first.  
They dropped the boy with rifle balls and then they  
took his purse,  
Poor Sam he is a dead lad, and six foot under clay.  
And Jackson's in the mesquite aiming to get away.

*(At Round Rock sure enough with Jackson holding  
the rangers back shooting with his right hand while  
he helped Sam get in the saddle. Jackson stuck by  
Sam to the end, with Sam shot through the kidneys.  
Three days Sam suffered and when he died he was  
buried at Round Rock. I seen the gravestone.  
Murphy, he committed suicide, drinking eye  
medicine, and there ought to be something about  
that in the song, but there hain't.)*

10. Jim, he had took Sam Bass's gold and didn't want to  
pay,  
His only idea it was to give brave Sam away,  
He sold out to Sam and Barnes and left their friends to  
mourn—  
And Jim he'll get a scorching when Gabriel blows his  
horn.

11. Perhaps he's got to heaven, there's none of us can say,  
My guess it is and surmise, he's gone the other way,  
And if brave Sam should see him as in the place he rolls,  
There'll be a lively mix-up down there among the coals.

*(I made up that last, to get the rights of it about  
Murphy going to hell.)*

"There is a lot more verses," said the old man in ending, "a regular raft of 'em, a hundred or more, for this Sam Bass he had a horse," and then came a long tale of how Sam had been pursued by rangers from Denton to Fort Concho, the animal taking steep-banked creeks at a stride, carrying its rider down cañon sides where human foot could not find place, carrying on unfalteringly, and at last, when danger threatened, waking its sleeping master by shaking him. It was an adaptation of Swift Nick and Dick Turpin, with their boldest deeds given to the Indiana lad. And at the end,

Sam Bass he looked to east and west, to sky and silver cloud  
And took his every garment to make the horse a shroud,  
He dropped a tear to think that he and his brave horse must  
part,  
'Twas not the ride that killed her but 'twas a broken heart,

Turner, recognizing the Dick Turpin-Black Bess variant, was for disputing the incident, but the old man seemed to hold it as a matter too well founded to discuss. He became a brisk and efficient man of business, gathering up his scattered papers and replacing them in his bag, saying that it was time for him to be going. That, of course, was by way of being invited to stay the night, and when I mentioned that there

were beans in the pot and corn bread in plenty he settled down again, though he looked with no kindly eye at Turner. So Turner, seeing how matters stood, set to work to prepare supper, his mind tuned for song, while the rest of us did odds and ends, attending to the horses, gathering firewood, no small job in a woodless country, and so on. And while Turner worked, he sang softly, a song heard rarely enough, but doubtless brought into the country as *Roller Maheux* and *Silver Threads* were, for it has a Broadway-Bowery-China-town ring and the atmosphere of the vaudeville, rather than the plains, is about it. It ran:

One day I got a present from my old and good dad  
 And I tried to change the gold piece some, but found it didn't  
 And I've tried to swap it away to give it to a cup, I've  
 put it to my mother, aunt, my cousin and then pop  
 I won't change it, I won't change it, I've  
 tried it here, I've tried it there at home at church and  
 everywhere, I won't change it. There's nothing it will buy, I'll  
 give it to a blind man in the street legs and legs.

One day I got a present from my old and faithful dad,  
I tried to change the gold piece soon, but found the thing was  
bad.

I've tried to swap the thing away, to give it to a cop,  
I've sent it to my uncles, aunts, my cousins, and their pop,

Oh

I can't change it,

I can't change it,

I've tried it here, I've tried it there,

At home, at church, and everywhere,

I can't change it,

There's nothing it will buy,

I'll give it to a blind man in the sweet bye and bye.

The other day I married like a lot of foolish men.

Found the girl—bought the ring—got married there and  
then.

But when the day was over I was taken down a peg

Her hair, her eyes, her teeth were false, and she'd a wooden  
leg.

Oh

I can't change it,

I can't change it,

A terrible great surprise to me,

Half a woman and half a tree,

But I can't change it,

And don't intend to try,

I'll chop her up for firewood in the sweet bye and bye.

There was a day when I came home a nurse stood at the door,  
She said, "You've got another one which makes exactly four,  
A sweet and darling little girl and sir, I wish you joy."

I wished the thing in Hades, what I wanted was a boy.

Oh  
I can't change it,  
I can't change it,  
I've asked a lot who ought to know,  
I've asked the nurse and she says "No."  
She can't, she won't, she doesn't intend to try,  
She hopes I'll have a dozen in the sweet bye and bye.

Note: Sing this in any way you choose.

Clay Trammel, from the Panhandle country, a lad long and lean and almost too taciturn for human endurance, had been sitting whittling. No word had he said all the evening. If he appreciated humour, he had put that appreciation steadily out of sight. With him, a smile was an astonishing rarity. Almost apologetically, he asked us whether we knew *The Coon-Can Game*, he rolling an attenuated cigarette as he spoke. He said that he was foggy about both beginning and end of it but what he knew he would sing without skipping. So he gave a brief explanation of the theme, then attacking the song at its third stanza, sang straight through until the line

"The night was cold and stormy,"

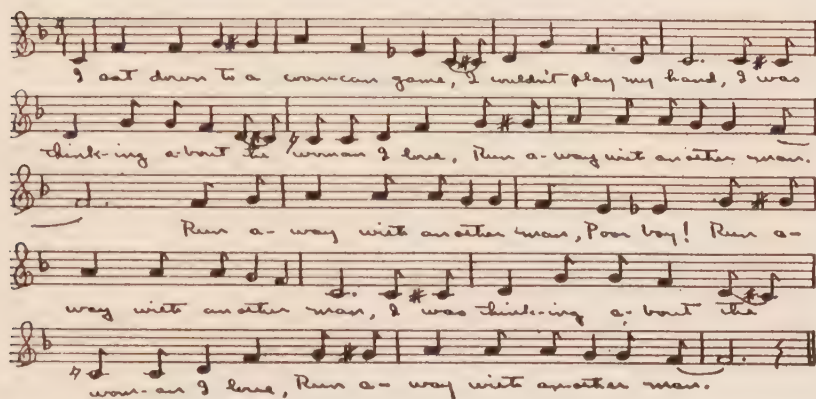
and dismissed the performance with a "Tha's all I know about it."

But a couple of weeks ago I heard a blind minstrel on the streets of Fayetteville sing the song, which, he told me, he had learned "in six puncheons from noon." The quaint term, I found, referred to a method of marking the time of day where people had no clocks. A ray of sunlight falling



through a window hole on to the puncheon floor served as time measurer as it moved across the boards. The lad's version, with completing stanzas from the minstrel's, ran:

THE COON-CAN GAME



1. I sat down to a coon-can game,  
     I couldn't play my hand,  
   I was thinking about the woman I love,  
     Run away with another man.  
         Run away with another man,  
         Poor boy!  
     Run away with another man,  
     I was thinking about the woman I love,  
     Run away with another man.
2. I went down to the big depot,  
     The train came a-rumbling by,  
   I looked in the window, saw the woman I love  
     And I hung my head and cried.

## FRONTIER BALLADS

I hung my head and cried,  
Poor boy!  
I hung my head and cried,  
I looked in the window, *etc.*

3. I jumped right out on the train platform  
I walked right down the aisle.  
I pulled out my forty-some-odd  
And I shot that dark-skinned child.

I shot that dark-skinned child,  
Poor boy!  
I shot, *etc.*

4. They took me down to the big court house;  
The judge he looked at me.  
I said, "Oh kind-hearted Judge,  
What am it gwine to be?"

What am it gwine to be,  
Poor boy!  
What am, *etc.*

5. The judge he heard the contract read,  
The clerk he took it down.  
They handed me over to the contractor,  
And now I'm penitentiary bound.

And now I'm penitentiary bound,  
Poor boy!  
And now, *etc.*

6. The night was cold and stormy,  
It sho' did look like rain.  
I ain't got a friend in the whole wide world.  
Nobody knows my name.

Nobody knows my name,  
 Poor boy!  
 Nobody knows, *etc.*

7. My mother's in the cold, cold world,  
 My father ran away.  
 My sister married a gambling man,  
 And now I'm gone astray.

And now I'm gone astray,  
 Poor boy!  
 And now I'm gone astray,  
 My sister married a gambling man,  
 And now I'm gone astray.

Note: Do not attempt to sing in the style of a city Negro. You must listen attentively to some unsophisticated darkey entirely unconscious of his audience; one for whom the highest commendation would be "I like that song," and not "How well you sing it!" In attempting to sing it, be careful to be careless.

From the same lad I heard, for the first time, the song of

### ANNIE BREEN

Come all ye men of Arkansas, a tale to you I'll sing, Of  
 Annie Breen from old Kaintuck who made the forest ring. For  
 sweeter girl and sweeter voice no man did ever know, And  
 well she loved a straight linked lad whose name was Texas Joe.

1. Come all ye men of Arkansas, a tale to you I'll sing,  
Of Annie Breen from old Kaintuck who made the forest  
ring.  
For sweeter girl and sweeter voice no man did ever know,  
And well she loved a straight-limbed lad whose name was  
Texas Joe.
2. To meetin' she and Joe they went, and oh, her eyes did  
shine,  
To see him full of manly strength, so clear and tall and  
fine.  
To be his wife and helping hand she wanted as her fate,  
But sad the story that befell as now I will relate.
3. One morn when birds were singin' an' the lilacs were  
abloom,  
There came unto the little town and where he took a  
room,  
A evil-hearted city man who said he'd made his stake,  
And then it was that the serpent in the Paradise did  
wake.
4. At meetin' after prayers were said, sweet Ann sang clear  
and fine.  
The stranger said upon his knees "That girl she must be  
mine."  
So arm in arm they both walked home and wandered up  
and down,  
Which caused the neighbours, who loved Ann, to shake  
their heads and frown.
5. He entered in and brought a stain on Annie Breen's fair  
life.  
He told her that he loved the girl, would take her for his  
wife.

When Joe got wind how matters stood his heart was like  
a stone,  
With ne'er a word of parting he went off to Texas alone.



6. Before a year in a shallow grave lay Annie and her child,  
But when the tidings reached brave Joe's ears that lad  
went almost wild.  
He saddled up and cantered hard, and rode both long and  
fast  
And in Fort Smith he found the man who'd ruined Ann  
at last.
7. Then words were spoke and shots were fired and Joe fell  
on the floor,  
He said, "In spite of all that's been I love my Ann the  
more."



His face was white as driven snow, his breath came  
gasping low,  
He said, "My soul is clean and to my Maker it must go."

8. Before he closed his dimming eye he said, "My work's  
not done,"  
And turning on his aching side he drew his faithful gun.  
"You've done your mischief, stranger, but from life  
you've got to part,"  
His finger pressed the trigger and he shot him through  
the heart.

Note: Affect a sort of nasal tone. Remember that Annie was simple and natural and engaging—the villain a smooth talker, very resplendent in black broadcloth and white collar, much given to dallyings. *Arkansas* must be pronounced thus: Ark-*in*-saw. Strike a moral high note. Blush, if possible, at the fifth stanza, and let the blush slowly spread and deepen until the middle of the sixth.

There are other vivid songs in the outlaw and murderer class. Along the Ohio every balladist knows *John Hardy*, the sorry tale of a Negro gambler, who, according to some versions, foretold his own end when but three days old.

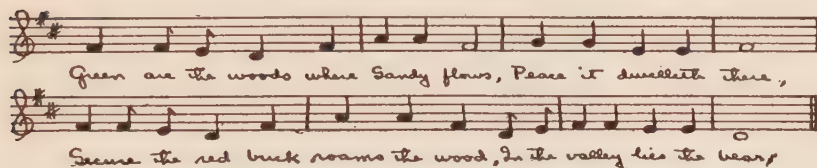
When John Hardy was three days old,  
Sitting on his mother's knee;  
He looked right up in his mother's face,  
"The Big Bend tunnel on the C. & O.  
Will be the end of me."

Then there is *The Jealous Lover*, which is the sad story of the murder of Pearl Bryan, belle of Greencastle, Indiana, led to her doom by the Erlking-like voice of her lover:

Come, love, with me let's wander into the fields so gay,  
And as we wander, we'll ponder upon our wedding day.

*The Vance Song* is another Ohio River favourite, in the version said to have been composed the night before the execution, by the murderer, and sung by him on the scaffold just before he preached his own funeral sermon. It is quoted as being the most widely known song of its class in the Ohio River territory.

### THE VANCE SONG



1. Green are the woods where Sandy flows,  
Peace it dwelleth there,  
Secure the red buck roams the wood,  
In the valley lies the bear.
2. Sandy no more will Vance behold,  
Nor drink of its crystal wave,  
The partial judge pronounced his doom,  
The hunter has found his grave.
3. It was by the advice of J. MacFarland,  
Judge Johnson did me call;  
I was taken from my native home  
And laid in a stone wall.

4. The judge he said he was my friend,  
Though Elliott's life I saved;  
A juryman I did become  
That Elliott he might live.



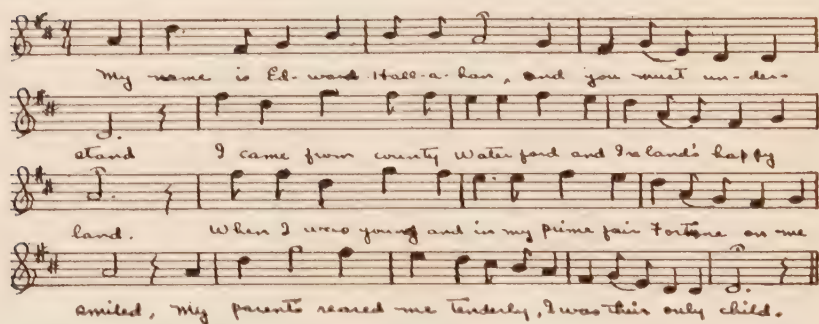
5. The friendship I had shown to others  
Has never been shown to me;  
But humanity belongs to the grave,  
I hope it remains to me.
6. There was Daniel, Cochran, Lewis, and Bell,  
All three a lie 'gainst me swore,  
And others to take my life away,  
That I might be no more.
7. Them and I again shall meet,  
When Gabriel's trump does blow;  
Perhaps I will rest in Abraham's breast,  
While they roll in the gulf below.

8. I killed the man, I don't deny,  
But he threatened to kill me first,  
And for this I am condemned to die.  
The jury have all agreed
9. Them and I together must meet,  
Where all things are well known;  
And if I have shed the innocent blood,  
I hope there is mercy shown.
10. Bright shines the sun on Clinch's hill,  
So soft the west wind blows,  
The valleys are covered all over with bloom,  
Perfumed as the red, red rose.
11. Sandy no more will Vance behold,  
Nor smell of its sweet perfume;  
This day his eyes did close in death,  
His body confined in the tomb.
12. Farewell my friends and children dear,  
To you I will bid farewell;  
The love I have for your precious souls  
No mortal tongue can tell.
13. Farewell my true and loving wife,  
To you I will bid adieu,  
And when I reach fair Canaan's shore  
I hope to meet with you.

Note: Listen to a brush-arbour revival meeting singing *Nearer My Gawd to Thee* as slowly as it is possible to sing it, letting it soak in, as it were. That is the proper style for *The Vance Song*.

For a song of piracy, *The "Flying Cloud"* stands highest in popularity everywhere, in many versions and sung with many tunes.

### THE "FLYING CLOUD"

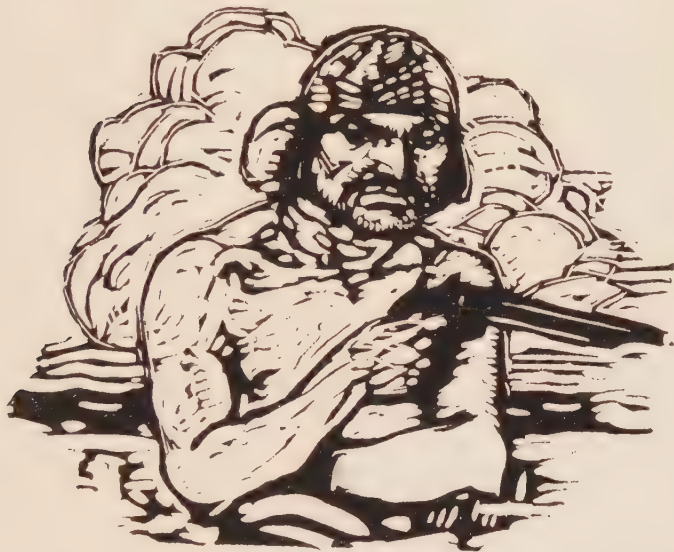


1. My name is Edward Hallahan and you must understand  
I came from County Waterford and Ireland's happy land.  
When I was young and in my prime, fair Fortune on me  
smiled,  
My parents reared me tenderly, I was their only child.
2. My father bound me to a trade, in Waterford's good  
town,  
A prentice to a cooper there by name of William Brown.  
I served my master faithfully for eighteen months or  
more  
Then shipped aboard the *Ocean Queen* bound for Ber-  
muda's shore.
3. And landing on Bermuda's shore I met with Captain  
Moore,  
The skipper of the *Flying Cloud* that sailed out of Tri-  
more.



So kindly he requested me a slaving trip to go  
All to the coast of Africa where sugar cane does grow.

4. We all agreed excepting five and those we had to land.  
And two of them were Boston men and two from New-  
foundland,  
The other was an Irishman, a native of Trimore,  
O would to God I'd joined those men and stayed with  
them on 'shore.



5. The *Flying Cloud* was swift a ship as ever sailed the seas,  
Or ever hoisted maintopsail afore a lively breeze;  
I've often seen that gallant ship with wind abaft the  
wheel  
And royal and skysail set aloft, sail nineteen by the  
reel.

6. The *Cloud* she was a Spanish ship, five hundred tons or more;  
She'd outsail any other ship I ever saw before.  
Her sails were like the drifting snow on them was ne'er a stain,  
And eighteen brass nine-pounder guns she carried abaft her main.
7. We sailed away without delay to Afric's sunny shore,  
And eighteen hundred of those slaves ne'er saw their island more.  
We marched them all along our decks and packed them close below  
Scarce eighteen inches to a man was all they had to go.
8. The very next day we sailed away, all with that pack of slaves  
And better had it been for them had they been in their graves  
For plague and fever came aboard, swept half of them away,  
The dead were dragged up on the deck and flung into the sea.
9. We sailed away without delay and came to Cuba's shore.  
We sold them to a planter there as slaves for evermore;  
The rice and coffee fields to hoe beneath a burning sun,  
To lead a long and wretched life till their career was done.

10. And when our money was all gone again we put to sea,  
Then Captain Moore came up on deck and said to  
them and me,  
There's gold and silver to be had, if with me you re-  
main,  
We'll hoist aloft a pirate's flag and sail the raging  
main."
11. We robbed and plundered many a ship upon the Span-  
ish Main;  
So many's the wife and orphan child in sorrow must  
remain;  
We made the men to walk the plank unto a watery  
grave;  
The saying of our captain was "A dead man tells no  
tales."
12. At last to Newgate we were brought all fastened to a  
chain,  
For piracy and robbing ships upon the Spanish Main.  
'Twas drinking and bad company that made a wretch  
of me.  
So all young men a warning take and shun all piracy.

Note: Do this with fine vigour. Rattle along in a careless way until the 12th verse; chant that dolefully.

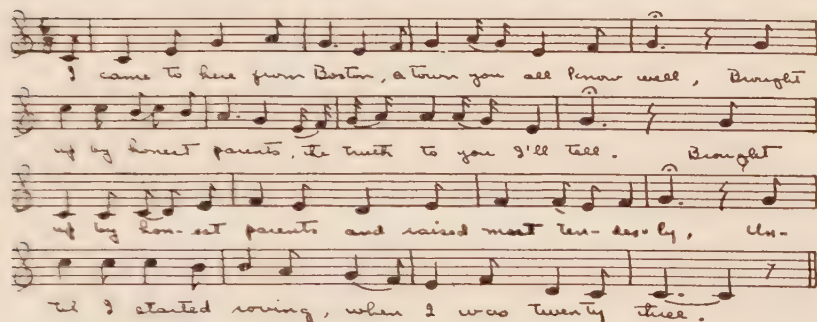
Among range songs with a violent theme, those which have become most widely known are *Cole Younger*, a ballad full of dash and spirit, *Fuller and Warren*, *Sam Bass*, *Jack Donahoo*, which is of bushranger tint, and *Root Hog or Die*,

from the tenth stanza of which I have heard it said that Sidney Porter took his *nom de plume*. It runs:

Along came my true love, about twelve o'clock,  
Saying "Henry, O Henry, what sentence have you got?"  
The jury found me guilty, the judge allowed no stay.  
They sent me down to Huntsville to wear my life away.

None of them though have wider spread than *The Boston Burglar*. I have heard it from Canada to Cape Horn, and on the day I write this, listened to the version favoured by a native of Arkansas, who is digging a well on my place.

### THE BOSTON BURGLAR



1. I came to here from Boston, a town you all know well,  
Brought up by honest parents, the truth to you I'll tell.  
Brought up by honest parents and raised most tenderly,  
Until I started roving, when I was twenty-three.
2. My character I ruined and I was sent to jail,  
My friends they did their levellest to get me out on bail;

The twelve men called me guilty, the clerk he wrote it down.

The judge he passed my sentence, to jail in Charlestown.

3. They put me on the passenger one cold, cold winter's day.

And every depot that I passed I heard the people say,  
"That man's the Boston Burglar, for prison he is bound,  
All for his evil doings he's off to Charlestown."

4. I thought then of my father, a-pleading at the bar,  
Likewise my patient mother, a-pulling out her hair,  
A-tearing out her gray locks and tears all streaming down,

"My darling boy, what have you done to go to Charlestown?"

5. And there's the girl in Boston, the one I love so well,  
To who I should be married in peace to live and dwell,  
When I get out of prison, bad company I'll shun,  
I'll never touch another card or look upon bad rum.

6. O people, you in freedom, pray keep so if you can,  
Remember that it's evil to break the laws of man;  
For sad it is to find yourself in such a fix as me,  
A-facing twenty-three years in penitentiary.

Note: No man unswayed by feeling or unstirred by the picturesque should attempt this. The hearer must be made to feel the intolerable calamities that befell the burglar.

Of the very few picaresque songs portraying the hero talking about his misdeeds with a frankness quite unfastidious,



there is a song sung to the tune of *Dixie* which had a vogue among dock-labourers in Galveston and New Orleans, and presently filtered through to cow camps. Its music-hall origin is plain.

### THE HAPPY CROOK

I'm one of those fellows that gets his living  
 By taking things as isn't given  
 With my hand, with my hand, with my hand,  
 With my mitt.  
 I started the business in Petticoat Lane  
 I mean I started the fingering game  
 With my hand, &c.

*Chorus:* And I wish there was no prisons,  
 I do. Don't you.  
 For the old treadmill it makes me ill  
 And I only steals my belly for to fill.  
 With my hand, &c.

One day I saw, which it ain't no lie,  
 A little kid with a piece of pie  
 In his hand, &c.  
 Now I was hungry and the pie was hot,  
 So I sneaked behind the kid and I swiped the lot  
 With my hand, &c.      [*Chorus:*]

Lastly, I close this section with a very notable ballad, that *Stackerlee* which, as I have said, my friend and associate William Marion Reedy rescued and printed in his *Mirror*,

for I think it marked the beginning of all this fashion and taste for native balladry.

STACKERLEE

1. On one cold and frosty Christmas night,  
Stackerlee and Billy Lyons had an awful fight,—  
Everybody talk about Stackerlee!
2. Said Billy Lyons to Stacklerlee, "Don't you take my  
life,—  
Remember my two children and my loving wife."  
Everybody talk about Stackerlee!
3. "Care nothin' bout your children, care nothin' bout your  
wife.  
You spit in my Stetson hat an' I'm going to take your  
life,—"  
Everybody talk about Stackerlee!
4. Billy Lyons, Billy Lyons staggered through the door,  
Cause Stackerlee had got him with his great big forty-  
four,—  
Everybody talk about Stackerlee!
5. Dogs did howl, dogs did bark,  
When Stackerlee, the murderer, went creeping through  
the dark,—  
Everybody talk about Stackerlee!
6. Dogs did howl and trees did moan:  
I think he whispered "mother" as he went by his  
home,—  
Everybody talk about Stackerlee!

7. Sergeant and the policemen: Stackerlee behind a tree,  
Sergeant said to Stackerlee: "Better come along with  
me."  
Everybody talk about Stackerlee!
8. Up in the jail cells, Stackerlee in despair,  
He hears them repairing that old electric chair,—  
Everybody talk about Stackerlee!
9. Little Lillie Sheldon when she first heard the news,  
She was sittin' on her bedside a lacin' up her shoes,—  
Everybody talk about Stackerlee!
10. She wired to Stackerlee, "Don't you weep or moan:  
Your honey babe will get you out of jail, if she has to  
sell her home"—  
Everybody talk about Stackerlee!
11. In answer to her message, this is what she read:  
"Where shall we send the body: your Stackerlee is  
dead."—  
Everybody talk about Stackerlee!
12. Rubber tires on the carriages, rubber tires on the hacks,  
Took old Stackerlee to the cemetery. never to bring  
him back,—  
Everybody talk about Stackerlee!
13. Rounders, rounders, you take my advice:  
Stop your drinking whisky, stop your shaking dice,—  
Everybody talk about Stackerlee!

14. Stackerlee, Stackerlee, what do you think of that?  
Killed old Billy Lyons over a damned old Stetson  
hat,—  
Everybody talk about Stackerlee!
15. What a bold, bad man he must be:  
With his forty-four and his bowie knife, never hesitate  
for to take your life,—  
Oh, everybody talk about Stackerlee!

Note: As to the tune, there are many. It will be quite correct for each singer to make up one of his own. But have in mind the Doric simplicity of a Gregorian chant.





NEW MEXICAN TROUBADOURS



## NEW MEXICAN TROUBADOURS

**O**NCE, when I was prospecting over in the Jarilla country in New Mexico, Dog-house Jim the freighter blew in, and with him was one Jack Anthony, a hard-case, and like most of that sort, a man of emotional facility, leaping from depths of depression to altitudes of high-heartedness. He had been everywhere where cattle or sheep roamed; in Texas, Nebraska, Wyoming, Alberta, Australia, South Africa, Paraguay, the Argentine. And he was paying his passage from El Paso to as far north as Jim went, by entertaining the freighter, by helping to hitch up the ten-horse team, by cooking, by loading and unloading. Ballads old and new he was familiar with. He was minstrel, beggar, story-teller. He was of the sort to edge his way in with the thirty-one who started from the Tabard Inn in Southwark, had he been born in the Fourteenth Century. Or he might have been a Norman jocolator, or an Anglo-Saxon gleeman. Or consider him as a sort of Percy with a taste for the gathering of folk songs and legends. Two days of rain kept us all close, for the freighter could not travel in the mire, and in that time Jack told us much that he had picked up here and there; he sang many songs, and he whistled many tunes, adding frills very prettily.

He told us of buried treasure in Texas until it seemed

that one had but to go out with a spade to become rich, and each tale was more convincing than the one before. He had heard of gold hidden by Santa Anna not far from Corpus Christi; of the lost mine near San Saba; of the gold hidden near Winslow, Arkansas, by Spaniards in 1805; of the \$17,000 found in McMullen County by a man who was digging a post hole; of the seven wagonloads of silver hidden by the Mexicans when they were pressed by Zachary Taylor; of the treasure under a certain rock in the Guadalupe Mountains. Coming closer, he recalled a tale told by a man of Tularosa, one taken prisoner by the Mescalero Apaches whose reservation we were then near. It was about a rich gold mine in the neighbourhood and was all mixed up with the startling tale of "Old Man Sublett," who was an unthrifty storekeeper in Roswell. Every now and then Sublett went into the wilds for a few days, and always returned with nuggets and gold dust. Only once did Ben Sublett share his secret with anyone, and that was with Mike Wilson, a sort of shiftless vagabond. The two of them rode out to the Guadalupe and found the mine, whereupon Wilson filled his pockets with gold. But prosperity was too much for him, for settling down to "a good drunk," his mind became confused, and when sober again he had lost all memory of the place of riches.

He told of romantic things, too, did this Jack Anthony: of the Headless Horseman, of the Gulf pirate who was destroyed by a storm so fierce that all the trees were torn out of the San Bernard country; of the ghost of LaFitte which

many have seen near La Porte; of the famous White Steed of the Prairies which no man has been able to catch though hundreds have tried. "There is," he said, "a famous poem about that, which you haven't heard." When we admitted that we had not, he recited, or rather chanted or intoned it. It was more of a recitative than anything else, and it ran:

#### THE WHITE STEED OF THE PRAIRIES

1. Mount, mount for the chase! let your lassoes be strong,  
Forget not sharp spur nor tough buffalo thong;  
For the quarry ye seek hath oft baffled, I ween,  
Steeds swift as your own, backed by riders as keen.
2. Fleet steed of the prairie, in vain men prepare  
For thy neck arched in beauty, the treacherous snare;  
Thou wilt toss thy proud head and with nostrils  
stretched wide,  
Defy them again as thou oft hath defied.
3. Trained steeds of the course, urged by rowel and rein,  
Have cracked their strong thews in the pursuit in vain;  
While a bow-shot in front, without straining a limb,  
The wild courser careered as 'twere pastime to him.
4. Ye may know him at once, though a herd be in sight,  
As he moves o'er the plain like a creature of light,  
His mane streaming forth from his beautiful form  
Like a drift from a wave that has burst in the storm.
5. Not the team of the sun, as in fable portrayed,  
Through the firmament rushing in glory arrayed,  
Could match in wild majesty, beauty, and speed,  
That tireless, magnificent, snowy-white steed.



6. Much gold for his guerdon, promotion and fame,  
Wait the hunter who captures that fleet-footed game;  
Let them bid for his freedom, unbridled, unshod,  
He will roam till he dies through these pastures of God.
7. And ye think on his head your base halters to fling!  
So ye shall—when yon eagle has lent you his wing;  
But no slave of the lash that your stables contain  
Can force to a gallop the steed of the plain.
8. His fields have no fence save the mountain and sky;  
His drink the snow-capped Cordilleras supply;  
'Mid the grandeur of nature sole monarch is he,  
His gallant heart swells with the pride of the free.

The freighter's comment to that was: "Now that's what I call a real good song. If they taught that kind of thing in schools, then we'd have something for the taxes. The dad-gummed Jim-crow schools! And there might be a horse like that. You hain't no proof against it."

Naturally that led to talk about horses, much of it of a technical nature, as how Necktie needed neither whip, rein, nor spur, but marked his cow with human intelligence and went for it. How Jim Squire was the best bulldogger in the world. How an unknown down in El Paso County broke six broncs one after the other without rest. How Black Thunder, the outlaw horse of Deaf Smith County, was ridden by an Idaho man with nothing but a headstall. How a dude, the laughing stock of the grandstand, dressed in a boiled shirt and a silk hat, did, to the astonishment of all, sit a calico horse which was the despair of the oldest cowboy on the

range, then, the test being over, announce himself as none other than Black Jack the train robber. How Booger Red broke White Star, not in dangerless wide spaces, but on the main street of Angelo between Jim Landon's hotel and the old church.

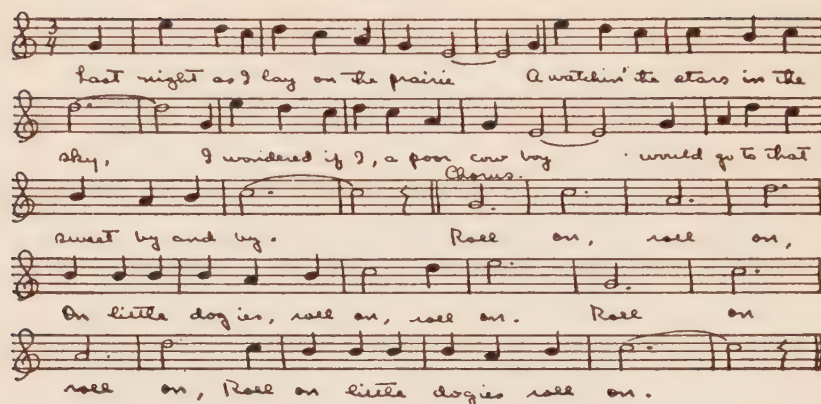
While we talked we lay staring up into the violet velvet sky, listening to the soft noise made by the munching horses and the occasional yowling of a distant coyote, for the rain clouds had passed. Then came, as I thought it would, for it very often does, the singing of *The Cowboy's Dream*. There was a little discussion about the proper variant, the freighter holding to one, Jack Anthony to another, each listening patiently while his fellow recited his version, the freighter hearing his guest's reading of it with a certain humorous contempt. In the end, the freighter triumphed, he being host. As for the tune, it was the same, or nearly the same, as *My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean*, the manner of singing very much *tempo commodo largissimo*, as musical pedants might say, but with very long pauses at the end of the lines.

#### THE COWBOY'S DREAM

1. Last night as I lay on the prairie  
     A-watchin' the stars in the sky,  
   I wondered if I, a poor cowboy,  
     Would go to that sweet by and by.

*Chorus:* Roll on, roll on;  
     On little dogies, roll on, roll on—  
     Roll on, roll on;  
     Roll on, little dogies, roll on.

## FRONTIER BALLADS



2. The trail to that far-away region  
 Is narrow and long they do say;  
 The wide one that leads to perdition  
 Is staked out and blazed all the way.
3. Some day we will be at the round-up,  
 And cowboys like dogies will stand  
 For marking by them at the Judgment  
 Who know every colour and brand.
4. There's many and many a cowboy  
 Who'll not be seen at that last sale,  
 Who'll not be in them green pastures  
 For missin' the long narrow trail.
5. If only each big-hearted cowboy  
 Would watch for that great Judgment day  
 And say to the Boss of the Mighty Range  
 "I'm ready, come drive me away."

6. For they, like the steers that are locoed,  
Stampede at the sight of a hand,  
They're dragged with a rope to the marking place  
Or marked with some maverick brand.
7. I hope that I'll not be a strayed one,  
A maverick up there on high  
Thrown in with a bunch of old rusties  
And scorned by the Great Boss's eye.
8. I've heard tell of some great big owner  
Who's never stock crowded, they say,  
And always makes room for the wanderer  
Who loses himself on the way.
9. It's said he'll never forget you,  
He knows every action and look,  
So all of you cowboys get branded  
So your name's in the great Tally Book.

Note: A proper song for those in mellow mood. It is sung to many tunes, but the one above is most popular, being best known. Sing with tragic solemnity. As encore, use *Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night?*

Then Jack sat up in bed, and in the flickering firelight his eyes were bright. "That there means kingdom come," he announced, with the air of one making a great discovery. "It ought to be put in a book with them Gospel Songs. They tell me that Black Jack sung that song the night before he was hanged." Then came a curious little reminiscence of how he had known a hobo who knew Black Jack, and how that outlaw was charming and attractive and genial and full of mildness, and how his robberies were dictated, not by greed, but by a desire to cure economic evils by taking from the

rich and giving to the poor. There was an enthusiasm about him and he grew warmer; he talked about Jesse James and Cole Younger and Tracey and the Dalton boys and Buffalo Bill. Then he said, a little sadly, that the good times had vanished and men were too wealthy and too fond of easy travel, and too sheepish and too much given to put on airs, and declared that daily the rich grew richer and the poor poorer.

His eloquence came to an end when the freighter, whose slower mind had stopped at mention of the hobo, told of "a right sad song about a dying hobo" he had once heard, and said that he would like to add it to his repertoire. "But," he added, "there ain't many as knows it."

Now, as it happened, I had learned that song from Bob Hughes who drifted with his sheep from county to county, owning no land but pasturing on the land of others as he went from place to place. Bob was an Englishman who had sloughed off civilization as a worn-out casing, who had not slept in a house for ten years or more, who had an ear and a memory for music, who showed the grime of weeks on his face and neck, who was heavy-handed with his herders. And the way he came to own property was peculiar, for he had landed in Texas broke and almost in rags. Tramping across Schleicher County on his way from San Antone to El Paso, he "met up" with a man who had a flock of three thousand sheep, with whom he took service as herder. Through a lambing and a shearing they went, and when the wool was sold and shipped, the sheep owner, whose name was Gregg, thought he would visit Chicago. So he left his sheep in the





NEW MEXICAN TROUBADOURS



care of Hughes, instructing him to drift with them toward Pecos City, where he said he expected to be within a month or six weeks. Hughes did his share, drifting as told, quarrelling en route with cowmen, encountering hardships and northers and droughts and heat, attending to lambing, shearing, selling of the wool, putting the proceeds into other sheep, playing the game seriously. One, two, five, ten years passed and not a word of news came from Gregg. He had left no address, no one knew of his kin folk, no one knew from where he hailed. Those consulted by Hughes either did not believe the facts, or, believing, seemed amused. For a time Hughes took the whole affair as a sort of unkindly conspiracy against his freedom and peace of mind, but presently accepted it all as a trick of Fate.

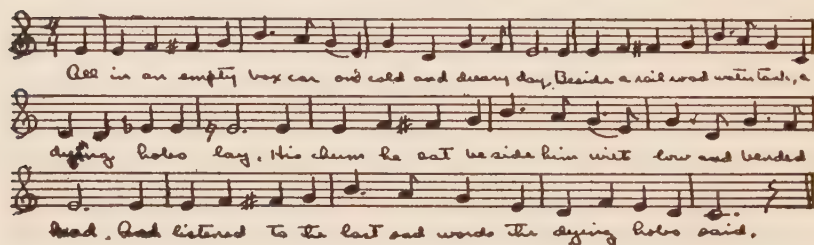
So I recited all that as prelude to the song to find that the freighter was fully aware of the history, and had been aware for long. However, he listened to the tale as though it were new, as is the way of plainsmen, then told me that he had heard the song of *The Dying Hobo* from Bob Hughes himself.

My guess is that Bob Hughes was the author, though I have no means of knowing. I do know that he had tried his hand at versification. I also know that he used to sing the song which had a chorus running:

O, love, dear love, be true,  
 This heart is ever thine.  
 When the war is o'er  
 We'll part no more,  
 At Ehren on the Rhine,

and he used something like the tune of the song, though not of the chorus, to his *Dying Hobo*. However, here are the words:

### THE DYING HOBO



All in an empty box car one cold and dreary day  
Beside a railroad water tank, a dying hobo lay,  
His chum he sat beside him with low and bended head,  
And listened to the last sad words the dying hobo said.

"I'm headed now for far away where prospects all are bright,  
Where cops don't hound a hobo, or pinch a man on sight,  
Tell Brooklyn Jack and Murph and Jo just what I tell to you,  
I've caught a fast train on the fly and now I'm going through.

"I'm going to a better land where brakies ain't so mean,  
Where weiners grow on bushes and where dogs is never seen,  
Where no one knows of rock piles and when you wants a ride,  
The Boss Con says a smilin', "Pardner, won't you get inside?"

"O pard I hear the whistle, I must catch her on the fly,  
It's my last ride—gimme a drink of whisky 'fore I die."



The hobo smiled. His head fell back, he'd sung his last refrain,  
 His pardner swiped his shirt and coat and hopped the east-bound train.

Note: To be sung in mournful manner, very leisurely indeed.

In a quiet little village on the other side of the desert from Jarilla, at the beginning of a valley running up the Sacramento Mountains, I saw another of those disseminators of folk songs. He was a cripple, the Armless Wonder, and used to travel the range country displaying his skill in box-making, shaving himself publicly, wood-chopping, and writing, doing all with his feet. Once, in Sonora, Texas, he went into a gambling house and sat in at a game of poker, then suddenly drew a gun, held up the players, and made off with the stakes. The story sounds improbable but is nevertheless true. I saw him run into the street, jump into his buggy and make off after the robbery. Had the sufferers not taken it somewhat in the nature of a joke, as "one on them," it would have been easy enough to overtake him.

He was something of a singer, something of a reciter, and would reel off Harte's *Plain Language from Truthful James*, Joachim Miller's *Sophie Perovskaya*, or a dozen other poems at a call. He was especially strong on the poems of John Godfrey Saxe, some of the allusions in which, because of the short-livedness of slang, sorely puzzled his hearers. In New Mexico he managed to popularize a queer song with a swinging chorus, accompanying himself on a guitar played with



his toes, though it was more of a rough strumming than playing. He called the song

### MY ONLY LOVE

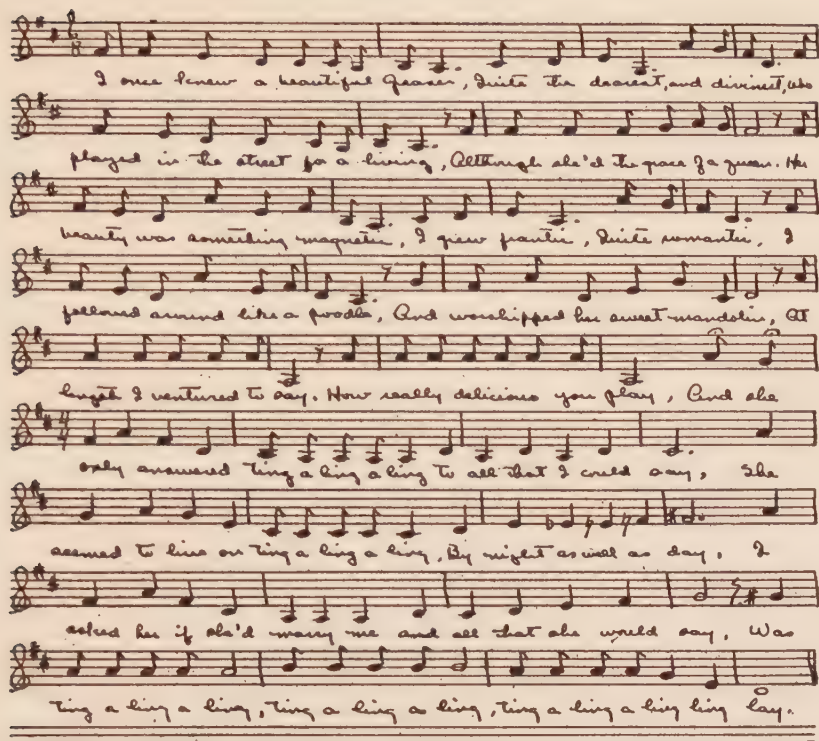
I once knew a beautiful Greaser,  
Quite the dearest, and divinest,  
Who played in the street for a living,  
Although she'd the grace of a queen,  
Her beauty was something magnetic,  
I grew frantic,  
Quite romantic.

I followed around like a poodle,  
And worshipped her sweet mandolin.  
At length I ventured to say,  
How really delicious you play

*Chorus:* And she,  
Only answered ting a ling a ling  
To all that I could say,  
She seemed to live on ting a ling a ling,  
By night as well as day,  
I asked her if she'd marry me and all that she would say,  
Was

Ting a ling a ling, ting a ling a ling,  
Ting a ling ling ling lay.

I'm neither so old nor so ugly  
I am healthy, fairly wealthy,  
And thousands would be quite enchanted  
To join me in Hymen's strong noose.  
But this was the girl that I wanted,  
I adored her  
And implored her.



I once knew a beautiful Queen, Quite the dearest, and divinest, who  
 played in the street for a living, Although she'd the grace of a queen. Her  
 beauty was something magnetic, I grew frantic, quite romantic, I  
 fell and around like a fool, And worshipped her sweet mandolin, At  
 length I ventured to say, How really delicious you play, And she  
 only answered ting a ling a ling to all that I could say, She  
 seemed to live on ting a ling a ling, By night as well as day, I  
 asked her if she'd marry me and all that she would say, Was  
 ting a ling a ling, ting a ling a ling, ting a ling a ling ling lay.

But all of my pleadings were useless,  
 All my entreaties in vain.

Said I "If you don't be my wife  
 I'll soon put an end to my life. [Chorus:]

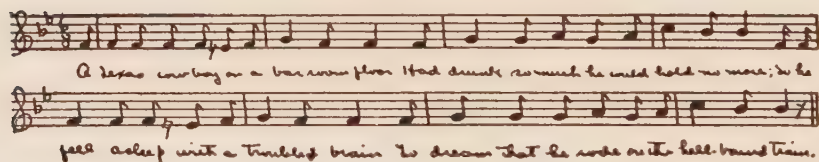
At length I was tapped on the shoulder  
 By a Spaniard, black and taniard  
 A swarthy big lump of a fellow  
 Who rose quite six feet from the floor.

He said my love-making was treason  
 Out of reason,  
 Not in season,  
 For she who had won my affection  
 Was deaf as the post of the door.  
 Moreover, said he, "Bye and bye  
 She will be my wife and that's why

*Chorus:* She'll  
 Only answer ting a ling, etc."

From him I obtained a copy of *The Hell-Bound Train*, which he recited, but never sang, to my knowledge, although I have since learned that it has a tune.

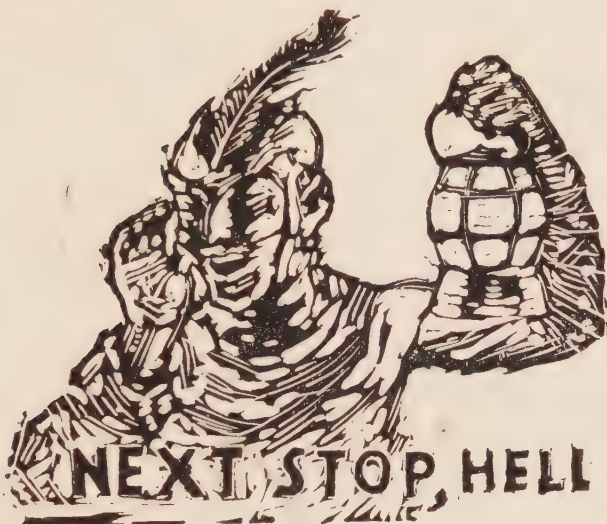
### THE HELL-BOUND TRAIN



1. A Texas cowboy on a barroom floor  
 Had drunk so much he could hold no more;  
 So he fell asleep with a troubled brain  
 To dream that he rode on the hell-bound train.
2. The engine with human blood was da mp.  
 And the headlight was a brimstone lamp;  
 An imp for fuel was shovelling bones,  
 And the furnace roared with a thousand groans.

## NEW MEXICAN TROUBADOURS    III

3. The tank it was filled with lager beer  
The devil himself was engineer;  
The passengers were a mixed-up crew—  
Churchman, atheist, Baptist, Jew;    ✓ 1 M



4. The rich in broadcloth, poor in rags,  
Handsome girls and wrinkled hags;  
Black men, yellow, red, and white,  
Chained together—fearful sight.
5. The train rushed on at awful pace  
And sulphur fumes burned hands and face;  
Wilder and wilder the country grew,  
Fast and faster the engine flew.

6. Loud and terrible thunder crashed.  
Whiter, brighter lightning flashed;  
Hotter still the air became  
Till clothes were burned from each shrinking frame.
7. Then came a fearful ear-splitting yell,  
Yelled Satan, "Gents, the next stop's hell!"  
'Twas then the passengers shrieked with pain  
And begged the devil to stop the train.
8. He shrieked and roared and grinned with glee,  
And mocked and laughed at their misery,  
"My friends, you've bought your seats on this road  
I've got to go through with the complete load.
9. "You've bullied the weak, you've cheated the poor,  
The starving tramp you've turned from the door,  
You've laid up gold till your purses bust,  
You've given play to your beastly lust.
10. "You've mocked at God in your hell-born pride.  
You've killed and you've cheated; you've plundered  
and lied,  
You've double-crossed men and you've swore and  
you've stole,  
Not a one but has perjured his body and soul.
11. "So you've paid full fare and I'll carry you through;  
If there's one don't belong, I'd like to know who.  
And here's the time when I ain't no liar,  
I'll land you all safe in the land of fire.



12. "There your flesh will scorch in the flames that roar,  
You'll sizzle and scorch from rind to core."  
Then the cowboy awoke with a thrilling cry,  
His clothes were wet and his hair stood high.
13. And he prayed as he never until that hour  
To be saved from hell and the devil's power.  
His prayers and his vows were not in vain  
And he paid no fare on the hell-bound train.

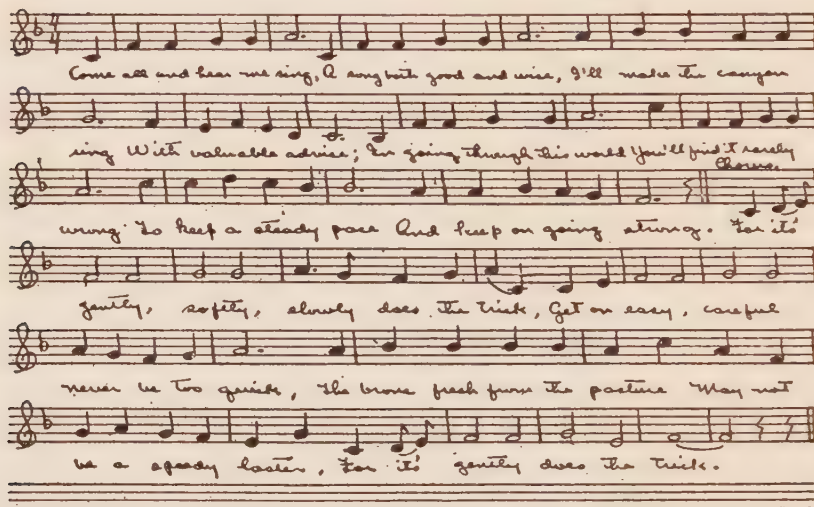
Note: False starts in songs are common. They make for enhanced interest. A stall at the end of a verse is also very effective. This I have known to be sung in all seriousness at a revival meeting. It is supposed to contain a lesson.

The Armless Wonder had a powerful voice and sharp articulation, and recited with stretched staring eyes and tight-drawn lips, in the intense parts. In fact, while he was rough, he had the true craftsman's conscience and managed to get under his audience's skin, so much so that I have seen hard cases in his audience shiver when he came to his fifth and sixth verses. Not only that; things sometimes went a little deeper, and some would occupy themselves with moral problems as they squatted on their heels, for almost an hour perhaps, until some convivial soul moved an adjournment to the Silver Dollar saloon when there would be concessions by way of showing that the hospitable one was neither unappreciated nor underestimated.

That fire of inspiration which filled the Armless Wonder led him to adapt strange songs to local conditions. By way of

instance I give his *Gently Does the Trick* which has all the earmarks of a parody. He sang it to this catching tune:

### GENTLY DOES THE TRICK



Come all and hear me sing  
 A song both good and wise,  
 I'll make the canyon ring  
 With valuable advice;  
 In going through this world  
 You'll find it rarely wrong  
 To keep a steady pace  
 And keep on going strong.

*Chorus:* For it's gently, softly, slowly does the trick,  
 Get on easy, careful, never be too quick,  
 The bronc fresh from the pasture  
 May not be a speedy laster,  
 For it's gently does the trick.

Now if in prison you  
Should happen for to land,  
For picking up a steer  
That bears a stranger brand,  
Be gentle, meek, and mild,  
In that way you may gain,  
But if you cut up rough  
You'll get the ball and chain.

*Chorus:* For it's gently, softly, slowly does the trick,  
You'd walk clanky, hobbledy, not a bit too quick,  
They'd keep your legs in order  
And you'd softly cuss the warder,  
Saying, "Gently does the trick."

Or if a broncho bucks  
And lifts you in the air,  
You have a kind of feel  
You'd rather not be there.  
Your elevation feels,  
Well, anything but nice,  
But don't came down a whack  
Just take a friend's advice.

*Chorus:* Come down softly, gently, easy does the trick,  
Just fall easy, careful, never be too quick,  
Your eye the distance gauges  
So you land by easy stages  
For it's gently does the trick.

The song was taken up by the funnyman in Mollie Bailey's Great Road Show and so gained a wide popularity. For Mollie Bailey was our Barnum, our Jefferson, our universal impresario. Her outfit consisted of a dozen horses and a few wagons, and she made her rounds to places where railroads

did not touch, or to railroad points unvisited by larger shows. Her clowns, acrobats, property men, and contortionists were roustabouts who drove across country and put up the tent and sold tickets. Her orchestra was a little reed organ which she herself played. By way of illumination there were oil lamps, and when it rained in the middle of a performance the audience got wet. Yet Mollie Bailey's show, in those days, was patronized to a quite amazing degree. Now and then she would pick up an out-of-luck cowboy who displayed his tricks shamefacedly to fellows who saw nothing to admire in them, for what he did was familiar routine. But a singer could always count on a favourable audience. Songs sentimental, serio-comic, old or new, all alike were unanimously applauded, and at the end it was Mollie Bailey herself, not the singer, who bowed acknowledgment. Mollie Bailey was responsible for a tremendous amount of blurring of original authorship. But after all, popularity makes the folk song in the long run.

Never was a performance given without the singing of either *The Gypsy's Warning* or *Fair Charlotte*, both of them tenacious of life, both of a sentimental quality that appeals, for, mark you, there is a place for sentimentality as well as for its opposite.

#### THE GYPSY'S WARNING

1. Do not trust him, gentle lady,  
    Though his voice be low and sweet;  
Heed him not who kneels before thee,  
    Gently pleading at thy feet.

Now thy life is in its morning,  
 Cloud not this, thy happy lot;  
 Listen to the gypsy's warning,  
 Gentle lady, heed him not.

I am gravelled, trying unsuccessfully to set the song down as it was sung, so many times did the singer change the mode of it. It was very much what musicians call *a piacere*. Almost it was a vague meandering with different degrees of extension in the phrasing, with many subsidiary peculiarities emblematic of poignant anguish. Mollie indulged in a kind of luxury of irregularity in the singing of this, her masterpiece. That was due to her sympathetic sensitiveness, I suppose.

2. Do not turn so coldly from me,  
 I would only guard thy youth  
 From his stern and withering power;  
 I would only tell thee truth.  
 I would shield thee from all danger,  
 Save thee from the tempter's snare;  
 Lady, shun that dark-eyed stranger;  
 I have warned thee. Now beware.
  
3. Lady, once there lived a maiden,  
 Pure and bright, and like thee fair,  
 But he wooed, yes, wooed and won her,  
 Filled her gentle heart with care;  
 Then he heeded not her weeping,  
 Nor cared he her life to save;  
 Soon she perished. Now she's sleeping  
 In the cold and silent grave.



4. Keep your gold. I do not wish it!  
Lady, I have prayed for this,  
For the hour that I might foil him,  
Rob him of expected bliss.  
Gentle lady, do not wonder  
At my words so cold and wild;  
Lady, in the green grave yonder  
Sleeps the gypsy's only child.

Messires, sophisticated ones! In an oil-lamp-lit tent, with high and low for audience, have I not heard that sung by a painted clown sitting on a mule, and has not the singing thereof drawn tears from the audience? Verily, I say it has. In truth, I have sat by the side of Booger Red, than whom no tougher man lived, he listening with mouth agape, not hiding his feelings, hand cupping his ear in the manner of one unwilling to miss the minutest detail. I am confident that Booger Red looked upon the "dark-eyed stranger" as an active, living being, and I am sure that he nurtured the joyful and generous hope of meeting him some day, perhaps stirring him to wrath and action with caustic reference to his canicular ancestry. Indeed, the song being ended, a curious mood of sadness hung over Red as he chewed his tobacco in the interim between the closing of one act and the opening of another.

Mollie Bailey generally sang *Sweet Charlotte* herself, addressing it to the higher-priced part of the house, which sat on planks, while the hoi polloi stood or squatted on the grass, or sat on self-provided boxes.

Her physique made nothing of the wear and tear of a circus life, and she had all the air of a lyric tragedienne. As singer she was more remarkable for volume than for timbre or range, but she fascinated and wrung applause from her audience with her acting. That she did with sincerity and force. There were flashing fire and indomitable bearing in her as Charles. She wept piteously when she sang of the "lifeless corpse." She was an ancient of ancients in depicting the father who "kept a social board," and contrived an effect of hospitable liberality by making motions with her hands in the manner of one throwing meat to a dog. When the lover's sleigh was supposed to appear, someone jingled bells. When

he cracked his whip and urged his steed,

there was a sound like a pistol shot from somewhere in the orchestra, and we were touched by the artifice. And at the end, the whole company, which had gathered to listen respectfully to the actress-manageress, led the applause. Here is the song itself:

### YOUNG CHARLOTTE, OR THE FROZEN GIRL

Young Charlotte lived on a mountain side In a wild and lonely spot, There  
 were no dwellings for three miles wide, Ex- cept her fa-ther's cot.

The musical score is written on two staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The lyrics are written below the notes. The second staff continues the melody and lyrics. The score ends with a double bar line. Below the staves, there are three empty staves.

1. Young Charlotte lived on a mountain side  
In a wild and lonely spot;  
There were no dwellings for three miles wide,  
Except her father's cot.
2. On many a lonely winter's night  
Young men would gather there;  
Her father kept a social board  
And she was wondrous fair.
3. Her father sought to have her dress  
Gay as a city belle,  
She was the only child he had,  
He loved his daughter well.
4. No maid was good of heart as she,  
None with her could compare,  
A charming sight it was to see  
That girl so young and fair.
5. 'Twas New Year's Eve, the sun was down,  
And beamed her dark brown eye,  
As to the icy glass she went  
To watch the sleighs go by.
6. She knew that fifteen miles away,  
A ball was held that night,  
And though the wind was chilly cold,  
Her heart was warm and light.
7. Then like a bounding deer she leapt  
As Charles's voice she heard.  
Then right before the cottage door  
His gallant sleigh appeared.

8. "Now, Charlotte, dear," her mother said.  
 "A blanket round you fold,  
 It is a fearful night abroad,  
 One well might die of cold."



9. "Oh, no, oh, no," sweet Charlotte said.  
 As bright as gypsy queen,  
 "To ride in blanket muffled up  
 I never will be seen.
10. "My scarf of silk's enough for me,"  
 She merrily did shout,  
 "'Tis quite enough, O mother dear,  
 To wrap my neck about."
11. Her shawl and bonnet soon were on,  
 She stepped into the sleigh;  
 Then swept they down the mountain side  
 And o'er the hills away.

12. Too cold to talk, so silently  
Five snow-heaped miles were passed,  
When Charles between his chattering teeth  
The silence broke at last.
13. "So cold a night I never saw,  
The lines I scarce can hold."  
Young Charlotte said in these few words,  
"Oh, I am deathly cold."
14. He cracked his whip and urged his steeds  
Much faster than before.  
And thus five other weary miles  
In silence were passed o'er.
15. Said Charles: "See how the ice and snow  
Is freezing on my brow!"  
The maiden answered these few words,  
"I'm growing warmer now."

At this point in the ballad, Mollie Bailey's organist played on his reed organ *Nearer My God to Thee*, while the next verses were being sung with extreme slowness.

16. They crept o'er hill through frosty air,  
Beneath the cold starlight,  
Until the village lights afar  
Did burst upon their sight.
17. Charles drove up to the door, leaped out,  
And offered her his hand;  
But why she made no motion back  
He could not understand.



18. He took her by the hand, O God!  
    'Twas cold as any stone;  
    He raised the scarf from off her brow,  
    While stars above them shone.
19. Then quickly to the lighted hall  
    Her frozen corpse he bore,  
    For Charlotte was a frozen girl  
    And dead, to speak no more.
20. Then knelt he down close by her side  
    As bitter tears did flow;  
    “My young and lovely bride,” said he,  
    “I never more shall know!”
21. He twined his arms about her neck,  
    And kissed her marble brow.  
    His mind was on those words she said:  
    “I’m getting warmer now.”

Note: Be careful not to overdo this by bad acting. The girl didn't oughter-of gone to them balls. The moral consciousness of your hearers will find a deep meaning in her words "I'm getting warmer now" at the moment she departed this mortal life. Her utterance is a lesson. It's really a song with a moral. Make every effort to jar your hearers' nerves.



A NIGHT IN A BARROOM



## A NIGHT IN A BARROOM

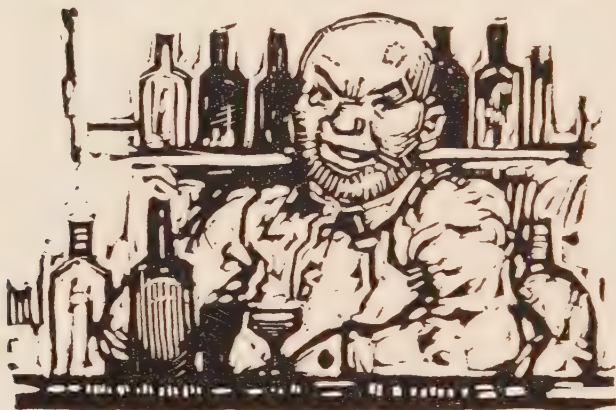
THE mournful *Prisoner's Song* so recently broadcast calls to mind a very popular *Convict's Song*, said by tradition to have been composed by a convict who was transported to Australia in the 1800's. Trusting tradition, it was written with a nail on the bottom of a dinner plate, "and that there plate," a man named Lovell told me, "is kep' in a glass case in the British Museum." As for the tune, also according to tradition, it was composed by a gentleman bushranger, "supposed to be a lord if 'e 'ad 'is rights," who occupied himself with musical projects part of his time, as a prelude to more serious business in the bush. You may hear something of that tale in Australia, New Zealand, the Kimberley district, the Falkland Islands, in spots in Canada and down on the Chilean coast. Nor does it avail anything to say that the song and music were probably the work of the Irish dramatist, Dion Boucicault, who died in New York in 1890, the Boucicault who produced *Colleen Bawn*, *Arrah-na-Pogue*, *Streets of London*, and other popular melodramas with a moral design.

To do the song in proper hard-case style, the singer should announce the theme before each stanza, adding expletives according to his humour, the more the merrier. The whistle is a highly complex piece of business, and very effective



when well executed, but many singers never get beyond a feeble hissing through the teeth. Every chorus is preceded by some energetic remark designed to encourage a ready attack, *Marcatissimo*.

I first heard it in Tom McClosky's saloon in San Angelo, Texas, when Lovell, a cockney sheep-herder, gave it. The



high energy of his style enraptured Joaquin Miller, Poet of the Sierras, who was there with shoulder-long white hair, knee boots, sombrero, sash, and gray shirt wide open at the neck. And also there were Clay McGonegal, champion steer-roper, with face of an ochre-brown tinge and flashing eyes; Rome Shields, the fighting sheriff; one of the Knickerbocker boys, who soon after underwent a strange transformation and became a train robber; and a bunch of cowboys from the Pecos who seemed to be having a mildly dignified time of it. There, too, was a man who has since become submerged by prosperity, and another who has cut a figure

in the literary world. But Lovell did his part well, and full bass voices boomed so that the sheriff tapped the bar with a beer glass by way of ordering a *pianissimo*, for the hour was long past midnight.

So for the song:

THE CONVICT'S SONG

*(This here at the start's the farewell when he sets off.)*

1. Farewell to old England the beautiful!  
Farewell to my old pals as well!  
Farewell to the famous Old Ba-i-ly

*(Whistle)*

Where I used to cut such a swell.

*(Now—altogether—with MY—)*

*Chorus:* Too-ral li Roo lal li Laity  
Too ral li Roo lal li Lay  
Too ral li Roo lal li Laity  
Too ral li Roo lal li Lay!

*(Now comes the bloomin' verdick what he got)*

2. It's seven long years I been serving,  
It's seven I got for to stay,  
For beatin' a cop down our alley

*(Whistle)*

An' takin' his truncheon away.

*(Masterfully: Now, boys, out with it; altogether—)*

*Chorus:* Too ral li Roo lal li Laity, etc.

*(This here tells what the poor swine 'ad to put up with.)*

## FRONTIER BALLADS

Fare - well to old Eng - land the beau - ti - ful! Fare - well to my old pals as well. Fare - well to the famous old Davi - dy (Whistle ad lib. When I need to cut such a swell. Repeat for chorus.

3. There's the captain what is our commandier,  
 The bos'n an' all the ship's crew,  
 The married and also the single ones  
 (Whistle)  
 Knows what us poor convicts goes through.

(Encouragingly and earnestly: *Let it go now  
 —Sling it out!*)

Chorus: Too ral li Roo lal li Laity, etc.

(Now he tells about the worst of it an' it's a  
 bleedin' shame.)

4. It ain't that they don't give us grub enough,  
It ain't that they don't give us clothes;  
It's all cause we light-fingered gentry  
(*Whistle*)

Goes about with a chain on our toes.

(*Yell yer 'eads off now, All—together.*)

*Chorus:* Too ral li Roo lal li Laity, etc.

(*Now here comes the prayer of the poor  
son-of-a-gun.*)

5. O had I the wings of a turtle dove,  
I'd spread out my pinions and fly,  
Into the arms of my Polly love,  
(*Whistle*)

And on her soft bosom I'd lie.

(*Open up yer tater traps now, boys.*)

*Chorus:* Too ral li Roo lal li Laity, etc.

(*Now this here what's the last is the lesson and  
the moral.*)

6. Now all you young viscounts and duchesses  
Take warning by what I do say,  
And mind it's all yours what you touches-es  
(*Whistle*)

Or you'll land down in Botany Bay.

*Chorus:* (fiercely).

Note: I have indicated a sort of accompaniment, to be played on an accordion by anyone without the most rudimentary notion of music. This accompaniment will fit any song in the book—has, indeed to my

knowledge, been made to go with all sorts of songs, sacred and secular, without protest. What were once counted as discords will sound well to those of the illuminati who appreciate ultra-modern music. In mediæval times the effect might have been thought rough.

The activity of the bartender, following the poet's command, brought much happiness to the singer. Then came a piece of business, for one man who has since cut a figure in the transportation world yielded himself to joy and fulness of life. Unmissed, he had slipped out to the hitching post. At a yell Mendina opened the door, and into the barroom rode the fellow, his gear gay with the flicker of the lights. The horse shied at something and a table went flying. At the bar the rider drew up, leaned over and raised his glass, cast a friendly look around and smiled on his audience, then called for a toast to Joaquin Miller. So Miller was hoisted to the bar and said things about a precious time and pleasant life, a light in his tired old eyes as he talked. Then he pitched aside his hat and ran his hands through his hair and began. A dozen words and his voice grew clear and strong, developing a music all its own as he recited his

Room! Room to turn round in, to breathe and be free,  
To grow to be a giant, to sail as at sea  
With the speed of the wind on a steed with his mane  
To the wind, without pathway or route or a rein.

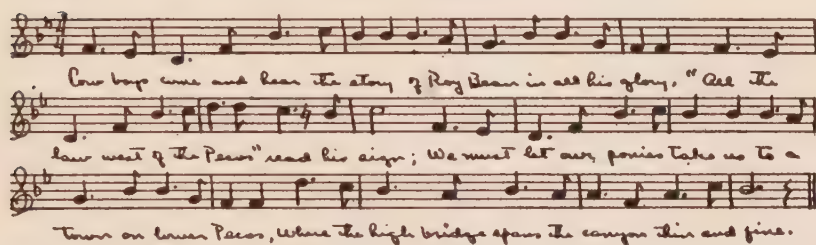
Being wound up he told us of his fight in an Idaho snow-storm, when men were forlorn but resolute, and at the close of his tale he was a man both envied and admired.

Much was said and sung that session before the sun rose,



and in no spiritless or timid way. There was Colonel Will Deacon, a gallant old figure who could talk with knowledge of Houston and Travis and Santa Anna, a man who had played a great part in the game of life. I am sure that he mildly deprecated some of the things said and done that night, but the noble old gentleman was not of that sort to claim for himself the privilege of setting a standard. And when a sinewy cowboy with a soft rich voice asked the Colonel to sing *Roy Bean*, the Colonel stood up, straight and tall, his shoulders well thrown back, tapped his high-heeled boots for a time with his riding whip, then struck out with marked rhythm, half reciting, half chanting. He was a personal success and we were all struck with admiration. The tune used was an adaptation of part of *Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching* but without the chorus!

## ROY BEAN



- I. Cowboys come and hear the story of Roy Bean in all his  
glory,  
"All the law west of the Pecos" read his sign;  
We must let our ponies take us to a town on lower Pecos,  
Where the High Bridge spans the cañon thin and fine.

2. He was born one day near Toyah where he learned to be  
a lawyer  
And a teacher and a barber and the Mayor,  
He was cook and old shoe-mender, sometimes preacher  
and bartender,  
And it cost two bits to have him cut your hair.
3. He was right smart of a hustler, and considerable a  
rustler,  
And at mixing up an eggnog he was grand,  
He was clever, he was merry, he could drink a Tom and  
Jerry,  
On occasion at a round-up took a hand.
4. Though the story isn't funny, there was once he had no  
money  
Which was for him not very strange or rare,  
So he went to help Pap Wyndid, but he got so absent-  
minded  
That he put his RB brand on old Pap's steer.
5. As Pap was right smart angry old Roy Bean went down  
to Langtry  
Where he opened up an office and a store,  
There he'd sell you drink or buttons, or another ranch-  
er's muttons  
Though the latter made the other fellow sore.
6. Once there came from Austin city a young dude re-  
ported witty  
Out of Bean he sort of guessed he'd take a rise,  
And he got unusual frisky as he up and called for  
whisky  
Saying "Bean, now hurry up, goldurn your eyes."

7. Then a-down he threw ten dollars, which the same Roy  
quickly collars,  
Then the same Roy holds to nine and hands back one,  
So the stranger gave a holler as he saw that single  
dollar  
And at that began the merriment and fun.
8. The dude he slammed the table just as hard as he was  
able,  
That the price of whisky was too high he swore,  
Said Roy Bean, "For all that fussin' and your most  
outrageous cussin'  
You are fined the other dollar by the law.
9. "On this place I own a lease, sir, I'm the Justice of the  
Peace, sir.  
The Law west of the Pecos all is here,  
And you've acted very badly." Then the dude he went  
off sadly  
While down his lily cheek there rolled a tear.
10. One fine day they found a dead man who in life had  
been a redman  
So it's doubtless he was nothing else than bad,  
They called Bean to view the body, first he took a drink  
of toddy,  
Then he listed all the things the dead man had.
11. For a redman he was tony for he had a pretty pony,  
And a dandy bit and saddle and a rope,  
He'd a fine Navajo rug and a quart within his jug  
And a broncho that was dandy on the lope.

12. So the find it was quite rare-O, for he'd been a "coci-  
nero,"<sup>1</sup>  
And his pay day hadn't been so far away,  
He'd a bran'-new fine white Stetson and a silver Smith  
and Wesson  
While a purse of forty dollars jingled gay.
13. Said Roy Bean, "You'll learn a lesson for you have a  
Smith and Wesson,  
And to carry implements of war is very wrong,  
Forty dollars I will fine you, for we couldn't well confine  
you  
As already you've been laying round too long."
14. So you boys have heard the story of Roy Bean in all his  
glory,  
He's the man who was the Justice and the Law,  
He was handy with his hooks, he was orn'ry in his looks,  
And just now I ain't a-telling any more.

Note: The striking events related will carry this song to a successful end no matter how it be sung.

The bartender sang, too; not one song but several, for he had been cook in a lumber camp, had marched with General Coxey, had become rich and poor in the Klondike. He was a man stuffed full of funny stories, of reminiscences, of strange scraps of knowledge. He could tell you how many tons of soot fell on a square mile in Pittsburgh, the name of

---

<sup>1</sup>A cook.

the designer of the Brooklyn Bridge, the weight of the greatest nugget found in Ballarat, the cause of sun-spots. He could forecast political history for the next twenty years. He could sit down at a table, and, with his finger and spilled beer and the table for a drawing board, develop out of his own mind a plan of naval action, showing how, had he been in charge of the Spanish fleet at Manila, the weaknesses of the American commanders would have brought trouble on their heads. He showed ranchmen the immeasurable advantages sure to accrue to them if they sold out and invested in sure things. By many instances, he testified to his own good judgment, prudence, forethought, sagacity. He taught thousands, who stood at the bar and showed a willingness to pay for drinks while being instructed, the fundamental principles of the evolution philosophy. And as he talked instructively, there was an air of tremendous resolution about him. He was a short man, a fat man, a sandy-haired man inclined to baldness. He was a deceiving kind of man, with a Napoleonic nose, but a weak chin, like a rat's. He seemed to have a high forehead, until you perceived that the appearance was illusive and caused by his receding hair. Hearing him talk, you would take him for a man of many enthusiasms, until, with closer knowledge, you found that none of them crystallized. He was a man of almost superhuman pretension.

All that brilliant energy of his, he assured us, some day would be turned to the composition of a New and Original Opera. It was to be an opera of colossal dimensions. It



was to be one of original effects, of exciting qualities. *The Awakening of Labour*, I think he called it, and into the composition of it were to go all kinds of folk songs; darkey spirituals, lumberjack songs, cowboy ballads, sailor chanties, hobo chants. There was to be a tremendous scenic effect at the wind-up, with labour stirred to revolt by the playing of a kind of super-Ninth Symphony, with David Guion doing immense things on the piano. For in those days Guion was a sort of promising Mozart, a little lad of seven or so, playing Schumann and Beethoven with a strange depth of earnestness. So the bartender had it to his credit that he recognized genius in that quarter.

But as to his songs, for his was a marvellous memory and he sang well. Not only ballads and folk songs did he sing, but the *Erlking*, *Ye Banks and Braes*, snatches from *Il Trovatore*, *Vale of Avoca*, *Two Lovely Black Eyes* (an old-time music-hall thing), that piece of wildness attributed to Burns and called *Dan MacCree*, that other impossible song entitled *The Travelling Tinker*, an unwholesome ballad which men know by the name of *The Little Ball of Yarn*. Here were his chief successes. First:

#### SAVE YOUR MONEY WHEN YOU'RE YOUNG

Come all you honest lumbermen and listen unto me,  
I'll sing a song of warning now, lest you should be too free,  
The lesson is no new one, and often it's been told,  
It's save your money when you're young, you'll need it when  
you're old.

Now if you are a single man this here's what you should do,  
Go courtin', marry some fair maid who'll stay both good and  
true,  
Be well aware that she plays fair and never's over bold,  
Will stick to you while you are young and also when you're  
old.

But if you are a married man, this here's what you should do,  
Support your wife and little ones as you have sworn to do,  
And stay away from glittering bars where liquor vile is sold,  
For there they'll take your money and you'll need it when  
you're old.

O once I was a shanty man and was a lively lad,  
I flung away my money till no more was to be had,  
And now I'm old and feeble, boys, and left out in the cold,  
So save your money when you're young, you'll need it when  
you're old.

Then there was a queer kind of rough-house song, an  
Australian product which had satisfied and delighted men to  
the seventh heaven in wool-sheds and shearing camps, its  
title *Billy Brink*, author unknown.

#### BILLY BRINK

1. There once was a shearer, by name Billy Brink,  
A devil for work and a devil for drink,  
He'd shear his two hundred a day without fear  
And drink without winkin' four gallon of beer.
2. Now Jimmie the waiter who served out the rum,  
He hated the sight of old Billy the bum,

Who stayed much too late and who came much too soon,  
At evening and morning, at night and at noon.

3. When Jimmie unlatched there was Billy first in,  
And calling for whisky, or brandy or gin.  
One morning as Jimmie was cleaning his bar,  
With sulphuric acid kept safe in a jar,

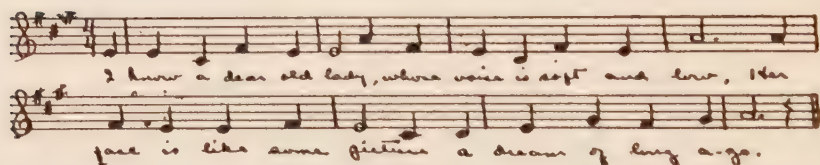


4. There Billy came yelling and bawling with thirst,  
"Whatever you've got, Jim, just hand to me first."  
Now Jimmie had acid within his small glass,  
He said "To this liquor you'll surely say Pass!"
5. But Billy declared that the stuff it smelt fine,  
Says he, "It's a new kind of whisky or wine,  
So Jimmie, pray hustle and Jimmie, pray haste,  
I'm eager and hasty the stuff for to taste."

6. Said Jimmie, "A secret to you I will tell,  
This stuff it was brewed in the basement of hell,  
You say you want something with strength and with  
force,  
This brand is sufficient to choke off a horse."
7. It's not in the history, it's not in the prints,  
The shearer he swallowed with never a wince,  
"O that's the stuff, Jimmie, I'm strong as a Turk,  
I'll break all the records to-day at my work."
8. Now all that long day as he served out the beer  
Was Jimmie quite weak with his trouble and fear,  
Too worried to argue, too anxious to fight,  
And seeing the shearer a corpse, in his fright.
9. But when in the morning he opened the door,  
There entered the shearer a-asking for more,  
With eyebrows all singed and his whiskers deranged,  
And holes in his hide like a dog with the mange.
10. Said Jimmie, "And how did you find the new stuff?"  
"O Jimmie, 'tis fine, but I've not had enough,  
It gives me great courage to work and to fight,  
But why does the stuff set my whiskers alight?"
11. "I thought I knew good drink, but must have been  
wrong,  
For that which you gave me was proper and strong,  
It set me to coughing, you know I'm no liar,  
And every blamed cough set my whiskers on fire."

He dropped into sentimentalities, too, with a song popular enough in west Texas in those days, which I think was composed by Larry Chittenden, a ranchman. It was

### MY MOTHER



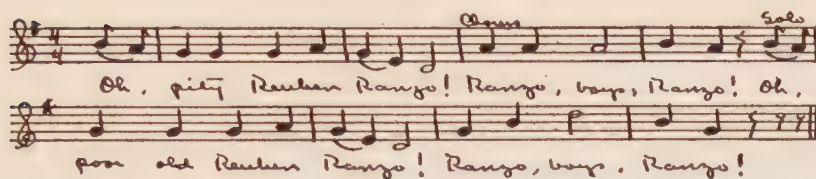
1. I know a dear old lady, whose voice is soft and low,  
Her face is like some picture, a dream of long ago.
2. She is not great or famous, nor known in realms of art,  
But she is rich in treasures which gild a kindly heart.
3. Her life's a living sermon of hope and gentle facts—  
A test for human nature, that's found in living acts.
4. She's patient, pure, and happy, in these her twilight  
days,  
Her lips are ever ready to comfort or to praise.
5. Her soul's a gleam of sunshine, a rainbow in Life's  
showers,  
Her presence is a garden of ever-blooming flowers
6. Which Time can never wither, for recollections rare  
Shall bloom around her memory and twine Love's  
garlands there.

Note: With deep sentiment.



Then a tall young man called for *Reuben Ranzo*, saying that of all sea songs, that it was most widely known. And that, too, the bartender knew. Whereupon, after drilling all of us in the chorus, he sang many of its verses, for there are many, according to the skill of the singer in improvisation. But these are those most generally known:

## REUBEN RANZO



1. Oh, pity Reuben Ranzo!  
*Chorus:* Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!  
 Oh, poor old Reuben Ranzo!  
*Chorus:* Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!
2. Now Ranzo was no sailor,  
 But shipped on board a whaler.
3. And he could not do his duty,  
 So they took him to the gangway.
4. For Ranzo was a tailor,  
 But Ranzo was no sailor.
5. They gave him nine-and-thirty,  
 Lashes, nine-and-thirty.

6. The captain being a good man,  
Took him to his cabin.
7. He gave him wine and water.  
Rube kissed the captain's daughter.
8. To fit him for his station,  
They taught him navigation.
9. Though Ranzo was no sailor,  
He's first mate of that whaler.

Note: The stanzas not fit to print are the most effective in this. Sing with a will. For appropriate setting, have the stage manager supply a sailing ship complete, but without labour-saving appliances. The soloist should sing raucously, and must be supported by a chorus of six or eight sailors whose notions of music are rudimentary, and also a blasphemous mate or bos'n. The same settings must be used for *The Amsterdam Maid*, *Blow the Man Down*, and all other chanties.

With that, the session came to an abrupt end. I do not know why. Everyone was having a good time. No one had drunk too much. But somehow, interest dwindled. As official historian, so to speak, I record things as they were, mainly for the benefit of future generations who may have distorted notions of social life in days when the saloon was the social centre.

Indeed, while it may be destroying an illusion, it is true that many a barroom concert slid, by imperceptible degrees, into curious sentimentalities, men hugely entertaining them-

selves with *Sweet and Low*, and *Nearer, My God to Thee*, and *Lead, Kindly Light*, all done with an extraordinary pitch of intensity. For it is a fictitious hypothesis that the barroom as an institution was brazenly given to evil and infinitely disreputable.



WHEN AMERICAN IS GRINGO





## WHEN AMERICAN IS GRINGO

**I**N PATAGONIA all men are the same height," says a modern proverb, and it means that there is, or was, a place where are no artificial barriers of race, nationality, creed, or position. White, black, mahogany-coloured; Yankee beach comber, Scot, Englishman, Falkland Islander, Chilean, Argentine; deserters from ships, college graduates, ex-shoeblacks, shepherds, gauchos; mynheer or rough diamond, man polished or fellow coarse—all amount to the same thing in the cook house. The cook beats his tin pan and it is commons for all. Before that clatter, not a man, be he wool-shed boss or bale marker, would dare to cross the threshold. After the tocsin comes the rush; hungry men six dozen strong, elbowing, shoving, scrambling for place, crowding, jostling, vehement, vociferous, rapid, and curt.

There is no waiting, no serving. The bare board table is set and all that the cook has to do is to step outside and smoke, after his noon-hour drink of rum. It is a table crowded with dishes heaped high with mutton chops, with potatoes boiled in their skins, with great hunks of bread, with cakes of peculiar hardness, with washpans full to the brim of boiling barley soup, with tin cups of scalding coffee, with roast legs and shoulders of mutton, with Danish butter in

flat cans, with hard-tack, with cans of preserves and of condensed milk "private" to the purchasers, with two great pots of Irish stew, with boiled beans, with stewed peaches. There are no fastidious rejections and there is unabashed simplicity. If a man is dissatisfied or contentious he is bumped into paths of peace, so it pays to observe self-limitation. Not ten minutes of grappling with things have passed before some have finished and pipes are lit; then favourite sheep dogs, which have stood observant at the door, find their way in to feast on the bones and scraps pitched to them by their masters. By then the air is a mixed indistinct impression of tobacco smoke, rank pipes, dog, mutton fat, human perspiration, sulphur matches, horse, candle-grease, and cooking.

Soon, those who are solitary rather than social go to their bunks to rest by the light of a candle stuck between nails, at their beds' heads. Others, not given to dwell in lonely fortresses, fall to card games with matches as stakes, to yarning and lying, to playing the tin whistle or the accordion or the guitar. Sometimes there is singing, robustious singing, ear-splitting singing, singing that sends the dogs to yowling in sympathy or emulation. The songs may be of a nature not to be reproduced if publisher is to go unscathed, or they may be songs sentimental or tearful, as the doleful *No tengo padre*, or *Sweet Belle Mahone* or *Silver Threads Among the Gold*. Now and then some tuneful Scot gives *The Bonnie House O' Airlie* or the less delicate *Dan MacCree* soon to be lost with its beautiful tune and Rabelaisian words. But a prime favourite, the

cook house being tuneful, was *Gilhooly's Dinner Party*. Here it is in all its infinite delicacy and tenderness:

Gilhooly gave a party to his friends a week ago,  
 There were guests from County Sligo and Galway and Mayo,  
 The dining room was iligant with flowers and with fruit,  
 And Gilhooly was a dandy in his open vested suit.  
 We'd iviry thing that grew above or underneath the ground,  
 And had a dozen waiters to hand the grub around,  
 Ye nivir saw such etiquette as was displayed that night,  
 'Twould knock a Lord Mayor's dinner or a banquet out of sight.

*Chorus:*

(Lustily and energetically, with suitable movements of the hands to right and left, following the soloist's lead)

There was ham, and lamb, and beer by the bucket and im-  
 ported cham,  
 You nivir saw such a devil of a jam as there was when they  
 all sat down,  
 With forks, and knives, all working away like niggers for  
 their lives,  
 The girls and their fellows, the husbands and the wives,  
 We ate up half the town.

Whin Father Murphy started grace our heads we had to  
 stoop.

Whin grace was over all the waiters shouted "Who's fer  
 soup?"

Maloney with his knife and fork began his soup to ate  
 And ye niver saw the whiskers of a man in such a state.  
 McCarthy 'gan divarsions with a bird's anatomy,  
 Till it slipped right off the table on to Kate O'Brien's knee,

"Were ye iver down in Turkey?" asked McCarthy, jist fer peace,  
 "Faith, no!" said pretty Katie, "but at prisint I'm in Greece."

(Spoken: *An' indade she was fer 'twas all over her new frock. An' at the same momint one of th' waiters stumbled over the cat and spilt a bowl of gravy down ould Mistress Ryan's neck. "Nivir mind," ses he, "there's plenty more in the kitchen," and sure enough she took it all in good part, for—*)

*Chorus:* There was ham, etc.

Now Miss Pat Glendon ate so much we thought that she would die,  
 Ses she "I'm nearly burstin', bhoys, but I'll have a hunk of pie,"  
 An' to show the aristocracy she didn't care a pin,  
 She drank water from th' bowl she should have washed her fingers in.  
 Still taken altogether, lads, we were a decent set,  
 But wait awhile, me fellers, ye've not heard the finish yet,  
 Gilhooly said "Ye don't get dinners like this iv'ry day,  
 'Twill cost ye just ten dollars a piece," an' faith! we had to pay.

*Chorus:*

(With added interest and perception)

There was ham, etc.

As for the tune, generally it ran without accompaniment but with an *obbligato rinvivendo il tempo* of spoons or fists





WHEN AMERICAN IS GRINGO



beaten on tables, or of castanets made of beef bones, though more often each chorus singer looked upon tune as a matter of personal taste and sang it to his own.

Many and varied were the songs sung on Patagonian estancias, for Americans had taken songs popularized by the Civil War, and by Negro minstrelsy, such as *John Brown's Body*, *Marching Through Georgia*, *Dixie*, *Just Before the Battle Mother*, *Poor Old Joe*, *Off to Alabama*, *Poor Old Ned*, *Good Old Jeff*, *Doodah*, *Yaller Gal*, *Old Folks at Home*, *Hard Times Come Again No More*, *So Early in the Morning*, *Come, Love Come*. Englishmen popularized such old-timers as *Over the Garden Wall*, the inane *Hi-tiddly-hi-ti-hi*, *Saving Them All for Mary*, *The Maid and the Magpie*, *Oh! George Tell Them to Stop*, *They All Love Jack*, *Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road*. In the Falkland Islands there were Scots who sang Burns' songs, and the ballads of Thomas Moore, too. Then there were Negroes, for no colour line existed in those spacious days in that place. Sailors, also, found Patagonia a good place to break into land life, and brought their chanties. And the Patagonian spirit was against communities.

Now once upon a time the *Seatoller* was wrecked down near Cape Horn, so we gathered together cutters, a schooner, a whale boat or two, and sailed down south. On Staten Island we found our men, not the familiar Staten Island but the lesser known one, which is, or was, an Argentine convict settlement. The officials had set the sailors to work more for the sake of order than for the sake of accumu-

lation. So we shipped them on our crafts and headed for Gallegos, in the Argentine, landing there at a lucky time. For McAskell had taken to wife the daughter of a Patagonian chief who was reputed rich in flocks and herds. Not only reputed, but actually so. Consequently there was a great wedding feast, with roasted oxen, and huanaco, and ostrich meat, and fish. To that we added something of what we had brought from the *Seatoller*: wines consigned to Valparaiso, preserved things, hams, Danish butter, jams, sardines, cheeses, cigars, fancy tobaccos, besides other things contributing to pleasure and comfort.

And what with ourselves and those we had rescued, our company consisted of Americans of many sorts and conditions, Englishmen, two Negroes, a Newfoundlander, three Germans, a French carpenter of anarchistic tendencies, as well as a Laplander. Then, out of Gallegos there were a couple of Falkland Islanders, five Scots, and an Irishman, altogether a promising crowd from which to draw ideas, and thoughts, and beautiful emotions.

Now the wedding feast lasted for the best part of a week, and those of artistic spirit were happily inclusive rather than jealous. Also added to the wedding feast was a sort of thanksgiving because of the happy rescue of the wrecked crew. So the governor of Gallegos gave us the *galpón*, which was a jail, for headquarters, and there was greater intercourse of spirits for a time than I have found anywhere else. There was what may be called the buoyant companionship of art, that is until the flush died down, which was when it was dis-



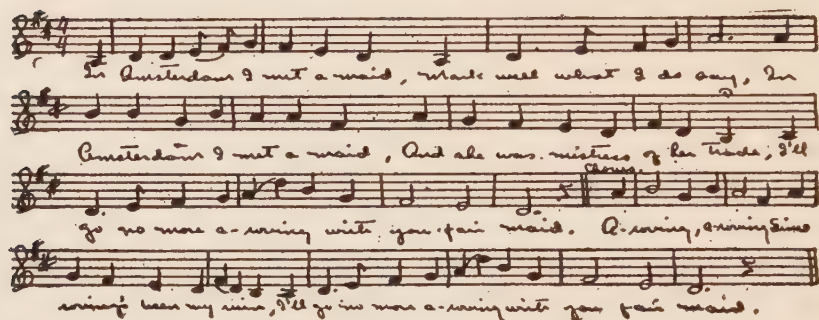
covered that the relatives of the bride had gone off toward the Andes with the bride's dowry as well as the movable property of the bridegroom. But while the festivities lasted, things were exciting and entertaining, our host the bridegroom a man attractive and genial.

The song-fest started during the wedding feast when McKenzie, who was eloquent, toasted the bride in a speech about the indestructibility of affection which ended with the singing of *Here's to the Bride of Bashful Fifteen*, though she had seen fifty wind-ravaged winters and more, though she was streaked with red, white, and black paint, though her face shone with goose grease. Still, to the credit of McAskell be it said that he sat in inwardness and quietude, his face slightly averted from the sight of the prodigious horror at his side, his mood contemplative. But McKenzie's song led to developments, the livelier when a gaucho produced a guitar on which he strummed a couple of figures, repeating them ceaselessly, while singers sang with reckless disregard of what was intended for accompaniment, with surprising artistic effects. The sailors, however, had feeling for vocal effect and rhythmic treatment, objecting to the gaucho's brilliant display. So the guitar was hushed in spite of the player's declarations that he had a gift for rapid ornamental passages, and a dozen full-lunged men plunged into *The Amsterdam Maid*, and being encored, were most lusty with *Blow the Man Down*. Then up rose Big Wilson of Boston, stout to maintain that of all songs sung at sea that of "*Shannon*" and "*Chesapeake*" was first and foremost and one to



arouse interest and awake delight if men were not too narrow in their national prejudices. So he sang, and here are the three songs with their tunes:

### THE AMSTERDAM MAID



In Amsterdam I met a maid—  
 Mark well what I do say,  
 In Amsterdam I met a maid,  
 And she was mistress of her trade,  
 I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid.

*Chorus:* A-roving, a-roving,  
 Since roving's been my ruin,  
 I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid.

I put my arm around her waist—  
 Mark well what I do say,  
 I put my arm around her waist,  
 Says she, "Young man, you're in great haste!"  
 I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid. [*Chorus.*]

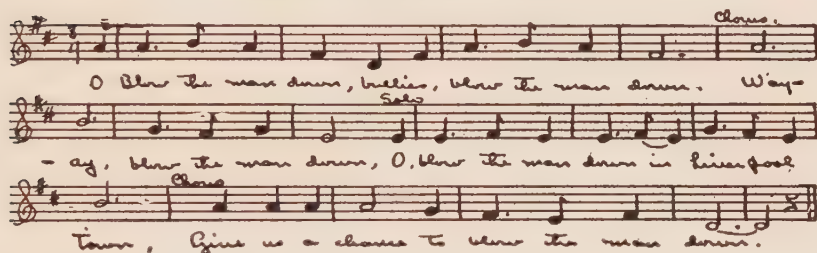
I took that girl upon my knee—  
 Mark well what I do say,  
 I took that girl upon my knee,  
 Says she, "Young man, you're rather free!"  
 I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid. [*Chorus:*]

I touched that fair maid on the toe—  
 Mark well what I do say,  
 I touched that fair maid on the toe,  
 Says she, "Young man, you're rather low!"  
 I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid. [*Chorus:*]

Note: Avoid pathos. Tenderly passionate if possible.

and so on, according to the extent in which a man's power of improvisation is equal to his daring.

### BLOW THE MAN DOWN

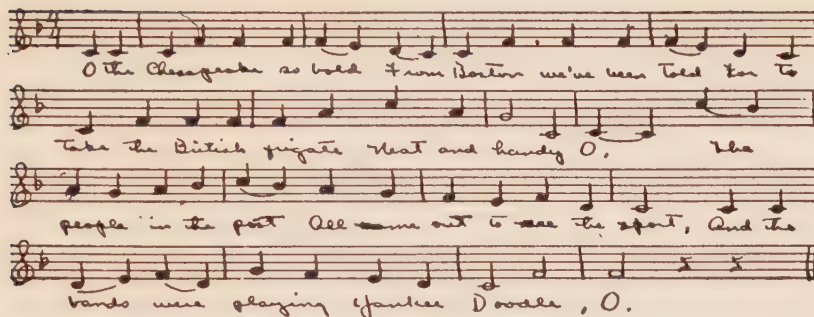


1. *Solo:* O blow the man down, bullies, blow the man down!  
*Chorus:* Way—ay, blow the man down.  
*Solo:* O blow the man down in Liverpool town,  
*Chorus:* Give us a chance to blow the man down.
2. As I was walking down Paradise Street,  
 A saucy young policeman I chanced for to meet.

3. Says he, "You're a Black Baller by the cut of your hair.  
I know you're a Black Baller by the clothes that you wear.
4. "You sailed in a packet that flies the Black Ball.  
You've robbed some poor Dutchman of boots, clothes, and all."
5. "O policeman, my dear friend, you do me great wrong.  
I'm a Flying Fish sailor just home from Hong Kong.
6. "There's tinkers and tailors and soldiers and all,  
Who ship as A. B.'s on board a Black Ball.
7. "And when a Black Baller's preparing for sea,  
You'd split your sides laughing at sights that you see.
8. "And when the Black Ball is clear of the land,  
The hard-case old bos'n he bawls the command.
9. "'Lay aft,' is the cry, to the break of the poop,  
'I'll help you along with the toe of my boot.'
10. "'Tis port and it's starboard on deck you will sprawl  
For kicking Bill Williams aboard the Black Ball.
11. "They gave me three months in old Walontown jail  
For booting and kicking and blowing him down."

Note: Chorus with tremendous vigour.

## "SHANNON" AND "CHESAPEAKE"



1. O the *Chesapeake* so bold  
 From Boston we've been told,  
 For to take the British frigate  
                     Neat and handy-o,  
 The people in the port  
 All came out to see the sport,  
 And the bands were playing  
                     Yankee Doodle, O!
2. The British frigate's name  
 Which for the purpose came  
 To cool the Yankee courage  
                     Neat and handy-o,  
 Was the *Shannon*—Captain Broke  
 All her men were hearts of oak,  
 And at fighting were allowed to be  
                     The dandy-o.
3. The fight had scarce begun,  
 Ere they flinched from the gun,  
 Which at first they started working  
                     Neat and handy-o,

Then brave Broke he waved his sword,  
Crying, "Now, my lads, aboard.  
And we'll stop their playing  
Yankee Doodle Dandy-o."

4. They no sooner heard the word,  
Than they quickly jumped aboard.  
And hauled down the Yankee colours  
Neat and handy-o,  
Notwithstanding all their brag,  
Now the glorious British flag  
At the Yankee mizzen peak  
Was quite the dandy-o.
5. Here's a health, brave Broke, to you,  
To your officers and crew,  
Who aboard the *Shannon* frigate  
Fought so handy-o,  
And may it always prove,  
That in fighting and in love,  
The British tar for ever  
Is the dandy-o.

Note: With great animation and not in that characterless legato affected by so many radio performers.

Thus launched, there were strange results. There was the over-ripe song of the *Lively Tinker*, who played Don Juan with lightness and humour, and whose adventures can be indicated by a chorus which runs:

I kissed 'em in the kitchen  
I kissed 'em in the hall,  
The old woman in the corner said  
"Won't you kiss us all?"



Then there was *Dan MacGree* with its *double entendre* theme; and *The Happy Conjuror*, not to be sung before virtue and goodness; and *Our Goodman*, which was chanted by Seattle Bill to the same tune as *Lively Tinker*, a song to be heard in cow-country, in Maine woods, and on shipboard!

### OUR GOODMAN

1. Home came the old man and home came he,  
And there in the parlour a strange coat did see.  
"O wife, now tell me what does this mean?  
A coat that's not mine where no coat has been?"
2. "You old fool, bat-blind fool, look straight and you'll  
see  
'Tis naught but a blanket my mother sent me!"  
"Miles have I travelled, five hundred or more,  
But buttons on a blanket I never yet saw."
3. Home came the old man, and home came he,  
And there in the kitchen a strange gun did see.  
"O wife, now you tell me what does this mean,  
A gun I don't own where my own should have been?"
4. "You old fool, bat-blind fool, and can you not see,  
'Tis only a stout stick my mother sent me!"  
"Now miles have I travelled, five hundred or more,  
But gun like an ash stick I never yet saw."
5. Home came the old man, and home came he,  
And there in the stable a roan horse did see.  
"O wife, you must tell me what does this mean,  
A sprightly roan horse where my mare should have  
been?"

6. "You old fool, bat-blind fool, and can you not see  
The creature's a milk cow my mother sent me?"  
"Now miles have I travelled, five hundred and more,  
But shoes on a milk cow were never before!"
7. Home came the old man, and home came he,  
And there in his bedroom a strange face did see.  
"O wife, you must tell me now what does this mean,  
Another man's face where my own should have been?"
8. "You old fool, bat-blind fool, and can you not see  
'Tis naught but a baby my mother sent me?"  
"Now miles have I travelled, five hundred or more,  
But whiskers on babies I ne'er saw before!"

It contributed to the thoroughness of the evening that there were vast arguments about the authenticity of this version or that. And arguments passed into jocularities, jocularities into the singing of scandalous limericks.

Quite unexpectedly some of the company fell to dancing when McKenzie played the bagpipes. Most wonderful terpsichorean flights, mostly reels, with three women and some twenty men, men heavily booted and leathern-coated and smoking pipes and doing what they had to do with feverish urgency. They jostled, they pulled one another into position, they argued about the evolution of the dance, they gave up and sat down disillusioned. There was a party in one part of the room which centred about a Negro who was doing a breakdown, all shuffle and rattle and grin. He was an inventive dancer, a natural dancer, a bawling and sweat-

ing dancer, too. He danced as if the beginning and the middle and the end were joy. As for his orchestration, it was his voice. And the song was the old Texas favourite,

'TAIN'T GWINA RAIN NO MO'

1. Ole cow die at the mouth of the branch

'Tain't gwina rain no mo'.

The buzzards had a public dance,

'Tain't gwina rain no mo'.

*Chorus:* 'Tain't gwina rain

'Tain't gwina hail,

'Tain't gwina rain no mo'.

2. What did the blackbird say to the crow?

(Refrain)

'Tain't gwina hail and 'tain't gwina snow,

(Refrain)

*Chorus:*

3. Gather up corn in a fine new hat,

(Refrain)

Boss he growl ef you eat much o' that,

(Refrain)

*Chorus:*

4. Monkey, monkey, drink the beer

(Refrain)

How many monkeys are there here?

(Refrain)

*Chorus.*

5. Knew a man named Mister Brown,  
 (Refrain)  
 Wore his hat on upside down,  
 (Refrain)

*Chorus:*

Most amazingly he swept others into that dance, swept them in because they were imitative, swept them in because there was a treacherous rhythm, swept in even the captain of the *Seatoller*, who wore a disastrous Prince Albert coat, the only thing he had saved from the wreck.

And out of that incident came the singing of both real and imitation Negro songs, of which, sometimes, it is difficult to separate one from the other. There were *Come, Love, Come, Noah and His Ark, Old Marse John, Buffalo Girls*, to say nothing of dozens of fragments such as pieces of *Hold My Mule*. This, for instance:

My ole Missus promise me  
 When she die she set me free;  
 Now ole Missus dead an' gone,  
 Lef' ole Jim hillin' up the corn.  
 Hey, Jim a-long, Jam a-long, a-Josie,  
 Hey, Jim-a-long, Jam a-long, Joe!  
 Hey, Jim a-long, Jam a-long, from Baltimo'.

and

Who dat callin' in a early morn?  
 Who dat a-callin?  
 Who dat callin' in a early morn?  
 Who dat callin' so sweet?

and

Zaccheus climbed the sycamo' tree.  
 Few days, few days!  
 Zaccheus climbed the sycamo' tree,  
 Few days, run along home.  
 Oh, he's way up yander — he's way up yander,  
 Oh, he's way up yander in a sycamo' tree.

Zaccheus climb his Lord for to see,  
 Few days, etc.,  
 Zaccheus climb his Lord for to see,  
 Few days, etc.,  
 Oh, he's way up yander.

But two must be quoted in no contracted fashion, because they were potent in an artistic way as making for the gaiety of nations. For they were learnt and copied, sung and passed on; were taken to Tierra del Fuego, and to Australia, and to New Zealand.

### COME, LOVE, COME

Down in the cane brake, close to the mill,  
 There lives a yeller girl whose name is Nancy Till.  
 She knowed that I loved her, she knowed it long,  
 I'm gwine to serenade her and I'll sing her this song.

*Chorus:* Come, love, come, the boat lies low.  
 She lies high and dry on the Ohio,  
 Come, love, come, won't you come along with me,  
 I'll take you down to Tennessee.

Softly the casement 'gins for to rise,  
 Stars am a shinin', love, above us in the skies.



The moon is declinin' behind the hill,  
Reflectin' its pale rays on you, my Nancy Till. [*Chorus:*]



Farewell, my love, I must now away,  
I've long to travel, love, before the break of day.  
Next time I come, love, I hope you'll go,  
A-sailin' with me, love, upon the Ohio.

#### BLUETAIL FLY

1. When I was young I used to wait on massa an' hand him  
the plate,  
Pass down the bottle when he feel dry an brash away the  
bluetail fly.

*Chorus:* Jim crack corn, I don't care,  
Ole massa's gone away.

2. After dinner massa sleep and bid me sharp a watch to keep;  
An' when he gwine to shut his eye, he tell me watch the bluetail fly. [*Chorus:*]
3. When he ride the afternoon I foller with a hick'ry broom.  
The pony being like to shy when bit at by the bluetail fly. [*Chorus:*]
4. One day he ride aroun' the farm, and flies so numerous they do swarm  
One chance to bite him on the thigh, before I cotch the bluetail fly. [*Chorus:*]
5. The pony run an' jump an' pitch an' tumble massa in the ditch.  
He died an' the jury find out why, the verdic' am the bluetail fly. [*Chorus:*]
6. They lay him under a 'simmon tree, the readin' there you still may see.  
"Beneath this stone I'm forced to lie, all by the means of the bluetail fly." [*Chorus:*]

In my mind there is justification for the belief that many of the cowboy songs sung on the *estancias* down in the Far South of this day grew out of that Gallegos jamboree. The Frenchmen, the Germans, the Norwegians—each group added good songs from the homeland.

But nothing seemed to be able to compete in popularity with the melancholy tale of *Fuller and Warren*, the more

melancholy *Dying Ranger*, and an odd song with an odd tune entitled *My Friends, the Germans*, which the skipper of the *Seatoller* gave in a voice like that of the Bull of Bashan.

#### FULLER AND WARREN

(As sung by Joe Stafford, born in Fort Worth, Texas, 1867; Blackwell's Island, 1883; with Buffalo Bill, 1888; in China, 1889-90; Patagonia, 1890-92; Klondike, 1893; member of Kid Lavegne's training camp, 1894; last heard of in Boerland, 1902.)

1. Ye sons of Columbia, your attention do I crave,  
While a very sad story I will tell,  
What happened of late in Indiana state,  
With an hero who none could excel;  
A young lady he courted, made choice of the fair,  
Intending to make her his wife;  
But she the false one his heart did ensnare  
Which cost him his honour and life.
2. A bright ring he gave her in token of his love,  
It carried the image of the dove;  
So wisely they agreed to get married with speed  
And prayed to the powers above.  
But the light-minded woman she promised to wed  
Bob Warren who lived in that place;  
And that fatal blow caused his overthrow  
And made for her shame and disgrace.
3. When Fuller did hear he had lost his false dear,  
They'd vowed by the Power to wed,  
With heart full of woe he to Warren did go  
And smilingly to him he said:

"Young man, you've done me wrong for to gratify your  
cause

By saying I left a prudent wife.  
So say that you've wronged me though I break the laws,  
I'll surely rob you of your life."

4. Bob Warren replied, "Your wish is denied,  
Your darling to my heart is bound;  
And more I do say, 'tis my wedding day,  
In spite of all heroes in town."  
Then Fuller flashed anger and wildly looked round,  
His passion caused many to cry—  
At one fatal shot killed young Bob on the spot,  
And smilingly said "Now I'll die."
5. The judge and the jury they thought on his case,  
A sadder one never was tried,  
But Justice demanded both fairness and haste  
And wept for the false-hearted bride.  
For woman can do much to blacken a life  
And bring two good friends down to hate,  
She'd promised to both that she'd make a good wife,  
And now came the terrible Fate.
6. The time it drew nigh when Fuller had to die,  
He bid all his audience adieu.  
Like an angel did he stand, for he was a handsome man,  
On his breast was a ribbon of blue.  
Ten thousand spectators did smite them on the breast,  
The guards had a tear in their eye,  
Saying "Cursed be she who brought this misery,  
Would to God it was she who had to die."

7. The gentle god of Love looked down from above,  
The rope flew apart like the sand,  
Two doctors for the pay, they murdered him they say,  
And hung him by main strength of hand.  
The corpse was buried and the doctors lost their prey,  
That woman was bribed, I believe,  
But women often are the downfall of man,  
As Adam was ruined by Eve.

## THE DYING RANGER

1. The sun was sinking in the west  
And fell with lingering ray  
Through the branches of a forest  
Where a wounded ranger lay;  
Beneath a tall palmetto  
And the sunset, silver sky,  
Far away from his home in Texas  
They did lay him down to die.
- 2 A group had gathered round him  
All comrades in the fight,  
And tears rolled down each manly cheek  
As he bid a last good-night.  
One tried and true companion  
Did kneel at his side,  
To stop his life-blood flowing,  
But alas, in vain he tried.
- 3 When to stop the life-blood flowing  
He found 'twas all in vain,  
The tears rolled down each man's cheek  
Like showers of rain.  
Up spoke the noble ranger,  
"Boys, weep no more for me,  
I am crossing the dark waters  
To a country that's free,



4. "Draw closer to me, comrades,  
And hear what I do say,  
I am going to tell a story  
Before my spirit flies away.  
'Way back in Northwest Texas  
That good old Lone Star State  
There is one who for my coming  
With a weary heart will wait.



5. "A fair young girl, my sister,  
My only joy and pride,  
She was my friend from boyhood,  
I'd no one else beside.  
I have loved her like a brother,  
And with a father's care,  
And strove from grief and sorrow  
Her gentle heart to spare.

- 6 "My mother she lies sleeping  
Beneath the churchyard sod  
And many a day has passed away  
Since her soul flew up to God.  
My father he lies sleeping  
Beneath the deep blue sea,  
I have no other kindred  
But little Nell and me.
7. "Our country was invaded  
They called for volunteers;  
She threw her arms around me  
And burst right into tears,  
'O go, my darling brother,  
Drive the traitor from our shore,  
My heart does need your presence,  
The country needs you more.
8. "It's true I love my country,  
To her I gave my all.  
If it hadn't been for sister  
I'd be content to fall.  
I'm dying, comrades, dying,  
She'll never see me more,  
In vain she'll wait my coming  
At our little cabin door.
9. "Comrades, gather closer,  
And hear my dying prayer,  
Who'll be to her a brother  
With all a brother's care?"  
Up spake the noble rangers,  
They answered one and all,  
"We'll be to her as brothers  
Until the last one he does fall."

10. One mighty smile of pleasure  
 O'er the ranger's face was spread;  
 One strong convulsive shudder  
 The ranger bold was dead.  
 Far from his darling sister  
 We laid him down to rest  
 With his saddle for a pillow  
 And his gun across his breast.

### MY FRIENDS THE GERMANS

The Germans' are a noble race, and of that race I'll sing,  
 They love their pas, adore their mas, and idolize their king.  
 O the Germans are a happy folk; their life is one long song.  
 Praising the Fatherland,  
 The happy Fatherland,  
 Which they sing the whole day long.

At school I studied Latin and I also studied Greek.  
 Italian, French, and Portugee, with fluency I speak,  
 They are nice to learn, they are good to speak, and they don't  
 possess one flaw,  
 But the tongue of the Fatherland,  
 The happy Fatherland,  
 Almost dislocates my jaw.

They speak of pride and happiness, of famous German wine,  
 You see the miles of vineyards as you travel down the Rhine.  
 I've tasted many countrys' wines—full many kinds I've  
 tried,  
 But the wine of the Fatherland,  
 The happy Fatherland,  
 Gives the greatest pain inside.

Their music—ah! The music of the future it will be.  
They like it long, they like it loud, and minus melody.  
They can't abide loud vulgar tunes, for nothing could be  
wuss,  
That's why the Fatherland,  
The happy Fatherland,  
Sends those German bands to us.

And now, my acknowledgments and salutations to many joyous men not named in this book, men met in field and shanty, in fo'c'sle and 'longshore, by flickering fire and brass-railed bar: fellow-farers, shipmates, partners, companions all, in days when we had the gift of youth. My salutations and good wishes to many perhaps once unappreciated and underestimated, to whom my gratitude leaps high. For looking back, the sweetest thing in life seems to have been true fellowship, that fellowship which is life.

So luck to them all: to that sea warrior, Big Jack, who was drowned when we lost the *Swan* in Useless Bay; to Bob Swinhoe who lives in a sort of peaceful mightiness in a Mexican village; to Dave Lindroth, now of Detroit, who, in New Mexico, paid off a church debt with a boxing tournament; to that prince of good fellows, George W. Maddox, who sang as we crossed the Cumberland; to my bright-eyed partner of to-day, Paul Honoré; to that rascal with the gay heart who failed to make a freight in Nevada, Spotted Jo; to Alec of Santa Cruz, who went his way with few words but sang like a troubador; to Gaucho Andreas, whose guitar has lightened many an hour; to Ned Cuppy, who fell by my

side with an arrow in him; to Black Jack the outlaw, who told me where gold was hidden though I found someone had previous information; to Elizabeth, daughter of Pat Garrett; to Tom Cass, who fell at Krugersdorp in 1896; to Dutch Charlie who went down in the *Lady Moidart*, off Callandzoog; to Bill Bond, my companion in a tough time in the North; to Bob the bartender, so anxious to increase happiness; to the indulgent John Johnson of Santa Maria who starved through a Fuegian winter with me; to my gracious and generous friend now on Enge Island; to dear old Blomgren, who died by his own hand; to many others who played the game with courage and dignity.

Lastly to you who read, for we, too, have been companions for a fair hour or two. So, farewell, and good luck!







INDEX TO FIRST LINES



## INDEX TO FIRST LINES

A fortnight ago, me, Mick and Patsy Sullivan, ( <i>Advertising Kelly</i> ) . . . . .	53	Down in the cane brake, close to the mill, ( <i>Come, Love, Come</i> ) .	165
A Texas cowboy on a barroom floor ( <i>The Hell-Bound Train</i> ). . . . .	110	Farewell to old England the beautiful! ( <i>The Convict's Song</i> ) .	129
All in an empty box car one cold and dreary day ( <i>The Dying Hobo</i> ) . . . . .	106	Gilhooly gave a party to his friends a week ago, ( <i>Gilhooly's Dinner Party</i> ) . . . . .	151
As Jack was walking through the square ( <i>Doo Me Ama</i> ). . . . .	16	Green are the woods where Sandy flows, ( <i>The Vance Song</i> ) .	81
Come all and hear me sing ( <i>Gent- ly Does the Trick</i> ) . . . . .	114	Home came the old man and home came he, ( <i>Our Goodman</i> ) .	161
Come all ye men of Arkansas, a tale to you I'll sing, ( <i>Annie Breen</i> ) . . . . .	77	I came to here from Boston, a town you all know well, ( <i>The Boston Burglar</i> ). . . . .	88
Come all you bold robbers and open your ears, ( <i>Quantrell</i> ) . . . . .	64	I have a word to speak, boys, only another to say, . . . . .	33
Come all you hearers one and all, a song to you I'll sing ( <i>Harry Bale</i> ) . . . . .	33	I kissed 'em in the kitchen ( <i>Lively Tinker</i> ) . . . . .	160
Come all you honest lumbermen and listen unto me, ( <i>Save Your Money When You're Young</i> ) . . . . .	138	I know a dear old lady, whose voice is soft and low, ( <i>My Mother</i> ) . . . . .	142
Come love, with me let's wander into the fields so gay, ( <i>The Jealous Lover</i> ) . . . . .	81	I'm one of those fellows that gets his living ( <i>The Happy Crook</i> ). . . . .	90
Cowboys come and hear the story of Roy Bean in all his glory, ( <i>Roy Bean</i> ) . . . . .	133	In Amsterdam I met a maid— ( <i>The Amsterdam Maid</i> ) . . . . .	156
Do not trust him, gentle lady, ( <i>The Gypsy's Warning</i> ) . . . . .	116	I once knew a beautiful Greaser ( <i>My Only Love</i> ). . . . .	108
		I sat down to a coon-can game, ( <i>The Coon-Can Game</i> ) . . . . .	75

- I struck the trail in seventy-nine,  
(*The Gal I Left Behind Me*) . . . 63
- I tell of merry England and  
plucky old John Bull, (*Heenan  
and Sayers*) . . . 48
- I was walking one day along a  
crowded way, a-strollin' with  
the girl of my heart, (*The Old  
Black Horse*) . . . 60
- Jesse James was a boy that  
downed many a man, (*Jesse  
James*) . . . 58
- Last night as I lay on the prairie  
(*The Cowboy's Dream*) . . . 101
- Mount, mount for the chase! let  
your lassoes be strong, (*The  
White Steed of the Prairies*) . . . 99
- My coat was getting shabby, my  
pants were just as bad, (*I Owe  
Ten Dollars to O'Grady*) . . . 52
- My hour is come, my day is spent  
(*The Milk-White Steed*) . . . 36
- My name is Edward Hallahan  
and you must understand  
(*The Flying Cloud*) . . . 84
- My name was Robert Kidd,  
when I sailed, when I sailed,  
(*The Ballad of Captain Kidd*) . . . 29
- My ole Missus promise me . . . 164
- Now come, my boys, and hear  
from me (*MacAfee's Confes-  
sion*) . . . 40
- O, all ye sons of Ireland, atten-  
tion now I crave, (*Morrissey  
and the Russian Sailor*) . . . 44
- O blow the man down, bullies,  
blow the man down! (*Blow the  
Man Down*) . . . 157
- O come list a while and you soon  
shall hear (*The Female Smug-  
gler*) . . . 18
- O, Jock, the jolly plow boy, was  
plowing in his land. . . . 2
- O love, dear love be true, . . . 105
- O the Chesapeake so bold  
("Shannon" and "Chesa-  
peake") . . . 159
- Oh, pity Reuben Ranzo! (*Reuben  
Ranzo*) . . . 143
- "Old horse, old horse, how came  
you here?" (*The Poor Old  
Horse*) . . . 62
- Ole cow die at the mouth of the  
branch ('*Tain't Gwina Rain  
No Mo'*) . . . 163
- One day I got a present from my  
old and faithful dad, . . . 72
- On one cold and frosty Christ-  
mas night, (*Stackerleez*) . . . 91
- Poor Pat is often painted with . . . 10
- Sam Bass was born in Indiana  
which was his native home.  
(*Sam Bass*) . . . 66
- Spring's the boy for a Mousley-  
Hurst rig, my lads, (*The True  
Bottom'd Boxer*) . . . 50
- Take back the ring you gave me . . . 7
- The Germans are a noble race,  
and of that race I'll sing, (*My  
Friends the Germans*) . . . 173
- The sun was sinking in the west  
(*The Dying Ranger*) . . . 170
- There once was a shearer, by  
name Billy Brink, (*Billy  
Brink*) . . . 139



# INDEX TO FIRST LINES

181

There was silence in the Castle ( <i>The Castle by the Sea</i> ) . . .	24	Ye sons of Columbia, your atten- tion do I crave, ( <i>Fuller and Warren</i> ) . . . . .	168
Washington, More, and Wellington ton . . . . .	10	Young Charlotte lived on a mountain side ( <i>Young Char- lotte, or The Frozen Girl</i> ) . . .	119
When I was young I used to wait on Massa an' hand him the plate ( <i>Bluetail Fly</i> ) . . . .	166	Young men, young men, be warned by me! ( <i>Master Mac- Afee</i> ). . . . .	32
When John Hardy was three days old, ( <i>John Hardy</i> ) . . .	80		
White Wings, you never grow weary . . . . .	7	Zaccheus climbed the sycamo' tree. . . . .	165
Who dat callin' in a early morn?	164		















GREENVILLE COLLEGE LIBRARY

811.04F4 C001  
FINGER, CHARLES JOSEPH, 187  
FRONTIER BALLADS GARDEN CITY, N. STX



3 4511 00067 2937

8901

811.04

F4



